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THE CHURCH'S YEAR

CHURCH'S YEAR.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
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THE

CHURCH'S YEAR.

HYMNS

ON THE COLLECTS, EPISTLES, AND GOSPELS,

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET,
LONDON, MDCCCLXVII.

147. g. 93.

Introduction.

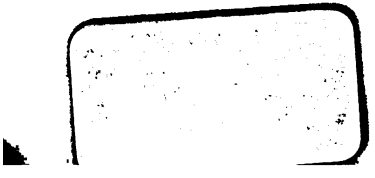
THE present volume is intended as a companion or supplement to the deservedly popular work of the Rev. John Keble—the CHRISTIAN YEAR. There is reason to believe that such a supplement has long been extensively desired. There are numerous families, in all parts of the United kingdom, in which the CHRISTIAN YEAR is almost as familiar a friend as the Prayer-Book itself, and yet in which a wish is often heard, for a larger variety than a single volume can supply. This wish cannot be adequately met by any individual writer. Most men, and especially those best qualified, would shrink from placing themselves in apparent competition with the auth-

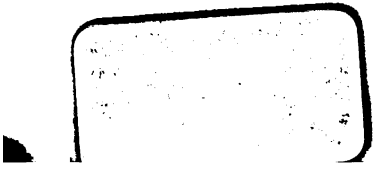
of that highly-esteemed volume. There remained, however, another way by which the want might be supplied. A collection of pieces, from many writers of established fame, might, perhaps, form a volume not unworthy to stand beside that of Mr. Keble. This course, therefore, has here been adopted.

In one respect, however, the plan of the CHRISTIAN YEAR has been departed from, in order to follow more closely the line marked out by the Prayer-Book. In Mr. Keble's volume, about one half of the subjects are taken, not from the Prayer-Book, but from the Lessons for the day. In the present collection, the Liturgy has been in all cases adhered to. Every piece in this volume has a bearing on either the Collect, the Epistle, or the Gospel, of our Church's Communion Service. Whether this variation of plan is an improvement or not, is a question on which there may be differences of opinion. At all events, however, it is clear that the course adopted assimilates the volume more nearly to the Prayer-book, and helps to justify its title, as the CHURCH'S YEAR. Being intended, not as a rival or competitor of the CHRISTIAN YEAR,

but simply as a companion to that work, it has naturally followed that nothing has been borrowed from Mr. Keble's volume. The two may thus stand side by side, without any repetition.

LONDON:
December, 1866.





THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to enquire in His temple. *Psalm* xxvii. 4.

THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

First Sunday in Advent.

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious majesty to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever.—*Collect.*

COME and release us, Son of God:
We look for liberty and light to Thee:
Thou only sin-bound souls canst make
Imperishably free;

Free from all carking strifes of earth;
Free from the time-forged chains which bind us down;
Free to engage in faith's high war,
To battle for the crown:

Free from unmanly, selfish aims,
  From angry strife of tongues and bitterness;
From crime, oppression, fraud, and wrong,
  From pride's cold-heartedness:

Free from great Mammon's golden sway;
  Free from the wearying thirst for place and power;
From mad ambitions of the heart,
  Which strengthen as they lower:

Free, above all, from inward love
  For aught arrayed against that cross of light,
Whose glories, streaming down the world,
  Make its dark places bright.

Come and release us, Son of God;
  Hope of the Gentiles, Saviour, hear our cry;
Earth wanes toward her evening hour,
  Deliverance is nigh.

W. C. Dix.

Second Sunday in Advent.

And again he saith, Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with His people. And again, Praise the Lord, all ye Gentiles, and laud him, all ye people. And again, Esaias saith, There shall be a root of Jesse, and He that shall rise to reign over the Gentiles, in Him shall the Gentiles trust.—*Epistle : Rom.* xv.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
  Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
  Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
  From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
  To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger,
  His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
  Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
  And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
  His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
  O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
  Or dove's light wing, can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
  And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
  A kingdom without end:

The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us, is Love.

Montgomery.

Third Sunday in Advent.

This is He of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.—*Gospel: Matt.* xi.

HARK! through the lonely waste,
By foot of man unpaced,
Prepare the way—a warning voice resounds;
Level the opposing hill,
The hollow valley fill,
Make straight the crooked, smooth the rugged grounds:
Prepare a passage, form it plain and broad,
And through the desert make a highway for our God.

Thine, Baptist, was the cry,
In ages long gone by,
Heard in clear accents by the Prophet's ear;
As if 'twere thine to wait,
And with imperial state
Herald some Eastern monarch's proud career;
Who thus might march his host in full array,
And speed through trackless wilds his unresisted way.

But other task hadst thou
Than lofty hills to bow,
Make straight the crooked, the rough places plain:
Thine was the harder part
To smooth the human heart,
The wilderness where sin had fixed his reign;
To make deceit his mazy wiles forego,
Bring down high vaulting pride, and lay ambition low.

Such, Baptist, was thy care,
That no objection there
Might check the progress of the King of kings;
But that a clear highway,
Might welcome the array,
Of Heavenly graces which His presence brings;
And where Repentance had prepared the road,
There Faith might enter in, and Love to man and God.

Mant.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord.—Gospel: John i.
The Lord is at hand.—Epistle: Phil. iv.

THE voice of One that cries
Along the wilds untrod;
'Prepare ye in the wilderness
A highway for our God.

'Be every valley raised,
And every hill made low,
The crooked straight, the rugged plain;
For God hath willed it so.

'The glory of the Lord
To all men shall appear,
His word shall sound throughout the world,
And every nation hear.

'Man's glory is a flower,
The flesh of man is grass:
Only the promise of our God
Is now, and ever was.'

Come to Thy temple, Lord,
  Thy waiting church to bless;
Let here Thy glory be adored,
  Give here Thy word success.

Our inmost hearts refine,
  And for Thyself prepare;
Cast out all thoughts but thoughts divine,
  And reign triumphant there.

Thy servants, Lord, we are,
  Baptized into Thy name;
All hurtful things put from us far,
  All works of sin and shame.

Come to Thy temple, Lord,
  Thine own assembly bless;
That all may offer with accord,
  Off'rings of righteousness.

Alford.

Christmas-Day.

Almighty God, who hast given us Thy only begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure virgin: Grant that we being regenerate, and made Thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by Thy Holy Spirit.—*Collect.*

I.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King:'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled:
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole earth send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Sears.

II.

AWAY with sorrow's sigh,
Our prayers are heard on high;
And through Heaven's crystal door
On this our earthly floor,
Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor mortality.

In dead of night profound,
There breaks a seraph sound
Of never-ending morn;
The Lord of glory born
Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.

Now with that shepherd crowd
If it might be allowed,
We fain would enter there
With awful hastening fear,
And kiss that cradle chaste in reverent worship bowed.

O sight of strange surprise,
That fills our gazing eyes:
A manger coldly strewed,
And swaddling bands so rude,
leaning mother poor, and child that helpless lies.

Art Thou, O wondrous sight,
Of lights the very Light:
Who holdest in Thy hand
The sky and sea and land;
Who than the glorious heavens art more exceeding bright?

'Tis so; faith darts before,
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
She sees the God of all,
Where angels prostrate fall,
Adoring tremble still, and trembling still adore.

No thunders round Thee break;
Yet doth Thy silence speak,
From that, Thy Teacher's seat,
To us around Thy feet,
To shun what flesh desires, what flesh abhors to seek.

Within us, Babe divine,
Be born, and make us Thine;
Within our souls reveal
Thy love and power to heal;
Be born, and make our hearts Thy cradle and Thy shrine.

I. Williams: from the Latin.

St. Stephen's Day.

And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord lay not this sin to their charge! And when he had said this, he fell asleep. —*Epistle: Acts* vii.

I.

HIGH in serene, undazzling light,
Around the rainbow-circled throne,
And robed in garments pure and white,
Chanting one saving Name alone,
They stand, a mighty multitude, a throng,
Redeemed from every kindred, clime, and tongue.

Say, who are these in raiment bright,
Upon their brows such holy calm,
With eyes that burn like stars of night,
Hands bearing the victorious palm?
Whence come they? these immortal, saintly forms;
Have they e'er known the blast of earthly storms?

Once, here on earth, they bowed the head;
Once, here they strove with sin, and wept;
Their bitter, rain-like tears were shed,
And then in Jesus Christ they slept.
Faithful and true, they yielded up their breath,
Their noble souls were stedfast unto death.

And foremost in that white-robed throng,
  See the first Christian martyr stand,
And while he joins the eternal song
  Of that seraphic, glorious band,
Still sparkles in his bright, undaunted eye
The enraptured gaze wherewith he soared on high.

And still the martyr's countenance
  Its meek and patient aspect bears,
Still see we his forgiving glance,
  And still his brow the radiance wears
It wore in dying hours long years ago,
When murderers closed his earnest course below.

How poor this life must then have seemed,
  When the obstructing veil was riven,
And lovelier far than e'er he dreamed
  He saw the golden courts of heaven;
Jesus, the crucified, with eye of love,
Calling his servant to his home above.

He kneeled down once more to pray,
  'Lord Jesus! now my soul receive!'
Resounding ages seem to hear,
  'O Lord! my enemies forgive!'
'Tis past, his foes deride, his brethren weep;
But he in Christ's own arms has fallen asleep.

Who sleep in Jesus, He will bring,
  With the archangel's mighty voice;
With shouts that thro' all heaven shall ring,
  While saints and martyred ones rejoice;

They crowned the first who sealed his faith in blood,
Counting as loss all earthly pomp and good.

Perchance we may not wear that crown;
We may not wave that martyr's palm;
But we who to Christ's cross have flown,
Shall pass away in peace and calm;
The angel anthems sounding near and deep;
His arms around,—so shall we fall asleep.

Sacred Year.

II.

RIGHTFUL Prince of Martyrs thou,
Bind thy crown about thy brow;
Fairer far than fading wreath,
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged stone,
Sparkling with thy life-blood, shone;
Stars around thy sainted head,
Never could such radiance shed.

From thy forehead's gushing streams
Dart a thousand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an Angel's glance.

Thou the first-slain victim free
To Him, the Victim slain for thee:
Thou the first thy Lord to own,
Sharer of His thorny crown.

First to tread th' appointed road
Through the deep Red sea of blood:—
Prince of martyrs! thee behind,
What a countless army wind!

I. Williams—from the Latin.

St. John the Evangelist.

That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the word of life: that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.

Epistle: 1 *John* i.

THOU, whom before the rest,
The love of Jesus bless'd;
Thou darling of the Incarnate Deity,
Sharer of all His woes,
Friend of His dying throes,
Eye-witness of His awful sovereignty:—

Too favored thou of Heaven,
O thou to whom 'twas given
To touch with mortal hand the immortal Lord;
With mortal ear and eye
To hear and see him nigh,
And hold high converse with th' eternal Word.

How mighty was the boon,
When oft to thee alone
Thy Lord in love His inmost soul displayed
When on His mountain-throne
To thee revealed He shone,
Full God, full man, in Deity arrayed!

Thou, as on Jesus' breast
All peaceful thou dost rest,
Drinking the living streams of Deity;
While on thy cleansed sense
With silent influence
More closely steals His dread Divinity.

Oh cup too full, too high,
For poor mortality!
Thy raptured spirit fled its dormant clay.
Say,—when in calm repose
Thy tranced eyelids close,
To what bright dreams of Heaven they waken,—say.

O access dread! O bliss
Of mutual love, ere this
To every soul in every age unknown!
When such the altar-fire,
That lights thy pure desire,
What countless rays it scatters from its throne!

Hence o'er and o'er again
Thy thrice-repeated strain,
Whate'er thou sayest,—'tis love, 'tis love requires;
Scarce can the struggling soul
Her ecstasy control
But burst her bonds, and vents her holy fires.

Glory on high to Thee
Holy, eternal Three;
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit blest!
Lo, this the stedfast law,
The stedfast faith we draw,
From out Thy sacred fount by Heaven's own hand express'd.

I. Williams—from the Latin.

The Innocents.

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth; and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.—*Gospel: Matt.* ii.

HAIL, ye firstling martyr-flowers,
Whom the foe of Christ dared blight;
Rosebuds, blasted in your bowers,
At the very gate of light.

Lambs of Christ, your Saviour's own,
Martyr'd victims, glad and gay,
At the very altar-stone
Ye with palm and chaplet play.

What avails false Herod's power?
What avails the deed of guilt?
Christ alone outlives the hour
Of the blood, like water, spilt.

Where the young blood streamed like rain,
  One—the Virgin-born—was left;
Yea, for One the sword was vain,
  That the childless Rachael reft.

Jesu, be high praise to thee,
  Borne at Holy Mary's breast,
Unto all eternity,
  With the Sire and Spirit blest.

From the Latin.

Sunday after Christmas.

Grant that we being regenerate, and made Thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by Thy Holy Spirit.

When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.—*Epistle : Gal.* iv.

FATHER, if Thou my Father art,
Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son,
Breathe Him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known :
Make me thy conscious child, that I
May Father, Abba Father cry.

I want the Spirit of Power within
Of Love, and of a healthful mind ;
Of power, to conquer inbred sin,
Of love to Thee, and all mankind,
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vig'rous when the body dies.

When shall I hear the inward voice
Which only faithful souls can hear ?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promised Comforter ;
He comes ! and Righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ is mine.

O that the Comforter would come,
  Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
  And take possession of my breast,
And make my soul His lov'd abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
  Attest that I am born again!
Come and baptise me now with fire
  Or all Thy former gifts are vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

Where Thy indubitable seal
  That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
  The signature of Love Divine.
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God.

C. Wesley.

The Circumcision of Christ.

Almighty God, who madest Thy blessed Son to be circumcised, and obedient to the law for man; grant us the true circumcision of the Spirit, that our hearts and all our members, being mortified from all worldly and carnal lusts, we may in all things obey Thy blessed will.—*Collect.*

I.

HOURS, and days, and months, and years,
Come and go, arise and fall,
Gains and losses, smiles and tears
Freely scattered through them all;
O my Saviour! let them be
(Pregnant with thy life divine),
Spent in better serving Thee,
And becoming wholly Thine.

O'er the threshold of the year,
Sprinkled with Thy precious blood,
Let me draw to Thee more near,
Made by Thee more wise and good;
O my Saviour, when this soul
Proudly would its way pursue,
Let Thy sorrow's soft control
Gently chasten and subdue.

For the blessed years gone by,
And the joys which winged their flight,
For the blessed hopes on high,
Making all the future bright;
For the stay and strength Thou art,
Ever wast, and still shalt be,
O my Saviour, let this heart
Ring its joy-bells out to Thee.

Let the memory of the past
Shed its glow on years to come,
Yield its wisdom, and at last
Light my wand'ring footsteps home;
O my Saviour! with Thy blood
Sprinkle all my future days,
Make them holy, keep them good,
Fill them with Thine endless praise.

Monsell.

II.

THY blood, O Christ, hath made our peace:
Not only that whereby
The ground of Calvary was stained,
When Thou wert hung on high:

Not only that which, in Thine hour
Of fear and agony,
Distilled upon Thy trembling frame
In dark Gethsemane;

But that shed from Thee, when at first
In childhood thou didst deign
Thus to endure for sinful man
The legal rite of pain.

And as with suffering and with Thee
Our yearly course begins;
So teach us to renounce the flesh,
And put away our sins:

That in the Israel of Thy Church
We may not lose our part;
In spirit and in body pure,
And circumcised in heart.

Alford.

The Epiphany.

O God, who by the leading of a star didst manifest Thy only begotten Son to the Gentiles; mercifully grant, that we, which know Thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of Thy glorious Godhead, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

1.

FROM princely walls, in Eastern pomp arrayed,
They seek the distant Bethlehem's lowly shade;
Faith leads the way, and gathers light, and now
Leans upon hope, which strengthens as they go.

What gladness crowns their steps, as now to view,
The heavenly messenger appears anew;
And o'er the roof the star descending mild,
Showed in the mother's arms the Holy Child!

But yet no ivory here, no glowing gold,
No purple royalties the Babe enfold;
His palace-hall, a stable's solitude!
His regal throne, a manger dark and rude!

Others let kingly pomp and power adorn,
His is a better kingship; on this morn,
He, on His poor straw pallet meanly laid,
Hath hearts of men with viewless sceptre swayed.

Lo! at His humble cradle, on bent knee,
They in the Child adore the Deity!
And to that Child, us of that Gentile seed,
And to that humble cradle, Faith shall lead.

Love is the gold, meet offering for a king;
Myrrh to the Son of Man shall abstinence bring;
And prayer shall be the ascending frankincense,
Which owns our God in veil'd omnipotence.

Glory to God the Father, fount of Light;
To Him, who shone upon the Gentile's night;
And unto Him, well-spring of Charity,
All equal in mysterious Unity.

I. Williams—from the Latin.

II.

LITTLE pomp or earthly state
On his lowly steps might wait;
Few the homages and small,
That the guilty earth at all
Was permitted to accord
To her King and hidden Lord;

Therefore do we set more store
On these few, and prize them more:
Dear to us on this account,
Is the glory of the Mount,
When bright beams of light did spring
Through the sackcloth covering,
Rays of glory forced their way
Through the garment of decay,
With which, as with a cloak, He had
His divinest splendour clad:
Dear the lavish ointment shed
On His feet and sacred head;
And the high-raised hopes sublime,
And the triumph of the time,
When through Zion's streets the way
Of her peaceful conqueror lay,
Who, fulfilling ancient fame,
Meek and with salvation came.

But of all this scanty state
That upon his steps might wait,
Dearest are those Magian kings,
With their far-brought offerings.
From what region of the morn
Are ye come, thus travel-worn,
With those boxes pearl-embost,
Caskets rare and gifts of cost?
While your swarth attendants wait
At the stable's outer gate,
And the camels lift their head
High above the lowly shed;

Or are seen, a long-drawn train,
Winding down into the plain,
From beyond the light-blue line
Of the hills in distance fine.
Dear, for your own sake, whence are ye?
Dearer for the mystery
That is round you? on what skies
Gazing, saw you first arise
Through the darkness that clear star
Which has marshalled you so far,
Even unto this strawy tent,
Dancing up the Orient?
Shall we name you kings indeed,
Or is this an idle creed?
Kings of Seba, with the gold
And the incense long foretold?
Would the Gentile world by you
First-fruits pay of tribute due;
Or have Israel's scattered race,
From their unknown hiding-place,
Sent to claim their part and right,
In the Child new-born to night?

But although we may not guess
Of your lineage, not the less,
We the self-same gifts would bring,
For a spiritual offering.
May the frankincense, in air
As it climbs, instruct our prayer,
That it ever upward tend,
Ever struggle to ascend,

Leaving earth, yet ere it go
Fragrance rich diffuse below.
As the myrrh is bitter-sweet,
So in us may such things meet,
As unto the mortal taste
Bitter seeming, yet at last
Shall to them who try be known
To have sweetness of their own;
Tears for sin, which sweeter far
Than the world's mad laughter are:
Desires, that in their dying give
Pain, but die that we may live.
And the gold from Araby—
Fitter symbol who could see
Of the love, which, thrice refined,
Love to God and to our kind,
Duly tendered, He will call,
Choicest sacrifice of all?

Thus so soon as far apart
From the proud world, in our heart,
As in stable dark defiled,
There is born the Eternal Child,
May to Him the spirit's kings,
Yield their choicest offerings;
May the Affections, Reason, Will,
Wait upon Him to fulfil
His behests, and early pay
Homage to His natal day.

Trench.

First Sunday after Epiphany.

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith. For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another. —*Epistle: Rom.* xii.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that chamber rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day,
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Dix.

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.—*Epistle: Rom.* xii.

HE liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give,
Else is that being but a dream;
'T is but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;
Who wisdom *speaks*, must *live* it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine:
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the Great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap,
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light!

Bonar.

Third Sunday after Epiphany.

Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—*Epistle: Rom.* xii.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,—
More careful,—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;

There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught 'the truth'
That makes Thy children 'free;'
And a life of self-renouncing love,
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. Waring.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright: Grant to us such strength and protection, as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations: through Jesus Christ our Lord. —*Collect.*

And when He was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him. And behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but He was asleep. And his disciples came to Him, and awoke Him, saying, Lord, save us, we perish. And He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him!— *Gospel: Matt.* viii.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands;
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause: His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

And whatsoe'er Thou will'st
Thou doest, O King of kings;
What Thy unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path, unsullied light.

When thou arisest, Lord,
Who shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose, and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand!

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee:
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us in life, in death,
Thy stedfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!

J. Wesley: from Gerhardt.

Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.—*Epistle: Col.* iii.

TO love, where love is shown to me,
With smiles a smile to greet—
Where tempers, tastes, and thoughts agree,
In friendship's bonds to meet—

To light at others' torch the flame,
And burn, one common fire—
To list the chord, and strike the same
On a responsive wire,—

This were not hard:—'twere but to own
The force of nature's might,
Who ever wakes a kindred tone,
Where harmonies unite.

But for the living torch to burn,
Though all around be chill—
Where kindly acts meet no return,
To feed love's fervours still—

To keep the heart in tune, despite
A war of jarring sounds—
Still to preserve th' affections right,
And love, where hate abounds—

This, this is hard, for nature spurns
To render good for ill,
And hot the angry spirit burns,—
Harsh rules the ungovern'd will.

'Tis grace alone can mould the heart
This gentle power to prove—
'Tis grace alone can grace impart,
And teach the soul to love.

O Thou, who art the Source and Spring
Of our new nature's birth,
Love brought Thee down that Thou might'st bring
Love to this wretched earth.

Light Thou my torch by Thine own flame;
So shall it ever glow,
A light to mark from whence it came,
Through all the fogs below.

Light Thou my torch, a living sign,
While through this world I rove;
A child of love, a child of Thine;—
For Thou, my God, art Love!

Latrobe.

Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.— *Epistle:* 1 *John* iii.

AND can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

'Tis mystery all:—the Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries,
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore:
Let angel-minds enquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above
(So free, so infinite His grace;)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee!

Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiven;
Still the atoning Blood is near,
That quenched the wrath of hostile Heaven;
I feel the life His wounds impart—
I feel my Saviour in my heart.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' Eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

C. Wesley.

Septuagesima Sunday.

Know ye not, that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things: Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air: but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. —*Epistle:* 1 *Cor.* ix.

ART thou a saint? And doth
Thy God thee own?
Call thee a child, an heir, a chosen one,
One with Himself and His beloved Son,
Heir of His crown?

Hast thou the love of Christ
Thy Saviour known?
The love that passeth knowledge, the rich grace
That stooped to poverty and death, to place
Thee on His throne?

Know'st thou the Christ of God?
His cross and love?
Then art thou severed from this drossy earth,
Linked to the city of thy better birth,
The land above!

Dead, yet alive, thou art;
Alive yet dead;
Thy old life buried in thy Surety's tomb,
Thy new life hid in God 'bove death and doom,
With Christ thy Head.

Thy life is not below;
'Tis all on high!
The Living One now lives for thee above,
The Loving One now pleads for thee in love,
Thou canst not die!

Live then the life of faith!
The life divine:
Live *in* and *on* the Everliving One,
Who bears thee on His heart before the throne,
His life is thine!

Pass on from strength to strength,
Faint not nor yield;
With girded loins press on—the goal is near,
With ready sword fight God's great battle here,
Win thou the field!

No rest nor slumber now
Watch and be strong!
Love is the smoother of the rugged way,
And Hope, at midnight, as in brightest day,
Breaks forth in song!

Ponar.

Sexagesima Sunday.

O Lord God, who seest that we put not our trust in anything that we do, mercifully grant that by Thy power we may be defended against all adversity, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy Name!

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain, which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

Oh that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil!
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

O Lord, I cast my care on Thee—
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and please Thee more.

Ryland.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

And it came to pass, that as He was come nigh unto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the wayside begging: and hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant. And they told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me! And Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto Him: and when he was come near, He asked him, saying, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Him, glorifying God: and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God.—*Gospel: Luke* xviii.

A THOUSAND years have fleeted,
And, Saviour, still we see
Thy deed of love repeated,
On all who come to Thee.
As he who sat benighted,
Afflicted, poor, and blind;
So now, Thy word is plighted,
Joy, light, and peace I find.

Dark gloom my spirit filling,
Beside the way I sat;
Desire my heart was thrilling,
But anguish more than that.

To me no ray was granted,
Although I heard the psalms
The faithful sweetly chanted,
And felt the waving palms.

With grief my heart was aching;
O'erwhelming were my woes,
Till, heaven-born courage taking,
To Thee my cry arose:
'O David's Son, relieve me!
My bitter anguish quell;
Thy promised succour give me,
And this dark night dispel!'

With tears that were fast flowing,
I sought Thee through the crowd,
My heart more tender growing,
Until I wept aloud:
O then my grief diminished,
For then they cried to me,
'Blind man, thy woe is finished;
'Arise, He calleth thee.'

I came with steps that falter'd;
Thy course I felt Thee check,
Then straight my mind was altered,
And bowed my stubborn neck:
Thou saidst 'What art thou seeking?'
'O Lord, that I might see!'
Oh then I heard Thee speaking,
'Believe, and it shall be.'

Our hope, Lord, faileth never,
When Thou Thy word dost plight;
My fears then ceased for ever,
And all my soul was light.
Thou gavest me Thy blessing;
From former guilt set free,
Now heavenly joy possessing,
O Lord, I follow Thee!

F. E. Cox—from La Motte Fouque.

Ash-Wednesday.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Saviour.—*Collect.*

When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.—*Gospel: Matt.* vi.

I.

WHENCE shall my tears begin?
What first-fruits shall I bear
Of earnest sorrow for my sin?
Or how my woes declare?
O Thou! the merciful and gracious One!
Forgive the foul transgressions I have done.

With Adam I have vied,
Yea, passed him, in my fall;
And I am naked now, by pride
And lust made bare of all;
Of Thee, O God, and that celestial band,
And all the glory of the promised land.

No earthly Eve beguiled
My body into sin;
A spiritual temptress smiled,
Concupiscence within:
Unbridled passion grasped th' unhallow'd sweet:
Most bitter—ever bitter, was the meat.

If Adam's righteous doom,
Because he dared transgress
Thy one decree, lost Eden's bloom
And Eden's loveliness;
What recompence, O Lord, must I expect,
Who all my life Thy quickening laws neglect?

By mine own act, like Cain,
A murderer was I made:
By mine own act my soul was slain,
When Thou wast disobeyed:
And lusts each day are quickened, warring still,
Against Thy grace with many a deed of ill.

Thou formedst me of clay,
O heavenly Potter! Thou
In fleshy vesture didst array,
With life and breath endow,
Thou who didst make, didst ransom, and dost know,
To Thy repentant creature pity show!

My guilt for vengeance cries;
But yet thou pardonest all,
And whom Thou lov'st Thou dost chastise
And mourn'st for them that fall:

Thou, as a Father, mark'st our tears and pain,
And welcomest the prodigal again.

I lie before Thy door,
O turn me not away!
Nor in mine old age give me o'er
To Satan for a prey!
But e'er the end of life and term of grace,
Thou Merciful! my many sins efface!

The Priest beheld, and pass'd
The way he had to go:
A careless glance the Levite cast,
And left me to my woe:
But Thou, O Jesu, Mary's Son, console,
Draw nigh, and succour me, and make me whole!

Thou spotless Lamb Divine,
Who takest sins away,
Remove, remove, the load that mine
Upon my conscience lay:
And of Thy tender mercy, grant Thou me
To find remission of iniquity!

Neale: from the Greek.

II.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry:
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well:
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come! *Mardley.*

First Sunday in Lent.

We then, as workers together with Him, beseech you, that ye receive not the grace of God in vain; For He saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee; behold, now is the accepted time; behcld, now is the day of salvation.—*Epistle:* 2 *Cor.* vi.

THOUGH some good things of lower worth,
My heart is called on to resign,
Of all the gifts in heaven and earth,
The greatest and the best is mine:
The love of God in Christ made known—
The love that is enough alone,
My Father's love is all my own.

My soul's Restorer, let me learn
In that deep love to live and rest,—
Let me the precious thing discern,
Of which I am indeed possessed.
My treasure let me feel and see,
And let my moments as they flee,
Unfold my endless life in Thee.

Let me not dwell so much within
My bounded heart, with anxious heed,
Where all my searches meet with sin,
And nothing satisfies my need:

It shuts me from the sound and sight
Of that pure world of life and light,
Which has no breadth, or length, or height.

Let me Thy power, Thy beauty see;
So shall the hopeless labour cease,
And my free heart shall follow Thee
Through paths of everlasting peace.
My strength Thy gift, my life Thy care,
I shall forget to seek elsewhere
The wealth to which my soul is heir.

I was not called to walk alone,
To clothe *myself* with love and light;
And for Thy glory, not my own,
My soul is precious in Thy sight.
My evil heart can never be
A home, a heritage for me,
But Thou canst make it fit for Thee.

A. L. Waring.

Second Sunday in Lent.

Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

THE abyss of many a former sin
Encloses me, and bars me in:
Like billows my transgressions roll:
Be Thou the Pilot of my soul:
And to salvation's harbour bring,
Thou Saviour and Thou glorious King!

My Father's heritage abused,
Wasted by lust, by sin misused;
To shame and want and misery brought,
The slave to many a fruitless thought,
I cry to Thee who lovest men,
O pity and receive again!

In hunger now, no more possess'd
Of that my portion bright and blest,
The exile and the alien see
Who yet would fain return to Thee!
And save me, Lord, who seek to raise
To Thy dear love the hymn of praise!

With that blest thief my prayer I make,
'Remember' for Thy mercy's sake!
With that poor publican I cry,
'Be merciful!' O God most high!
With that lost prodigal I fain
Back to my house would turn again!

Mourn, mourn my soul, with earnest care,
And raise to Christ the contrite prayer;
O Thou, who freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with thy boundless grace!

Neale: from the Greek.

Third Sunday in Lent.

Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour.—*Epistle: Ephes.* v.

And it came to pass, as He spake these things, a certain woman of the company lift up her voice, and said unto Him, Blessed is the womb that bear thee, and the paps that thou hast sucked. But He said, Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it.—*Gospel: Luke* xi.

WHY hast Thou, for our earthly gloom,
Thus left Thy Father's hall?
'Not for the righteous am I come,
But sinners to recall.'

What bear'st Thou from yon desert rock
Upon Thy shoulders bound?
'A sheep that left my Father's flock,
Whom I have sought and found.'

What is it wakes the Angelic mirth
'Mid sons of God in heaven?
'Tis some poor sorrowing child of earth,
Who is of God forgiven.'

What makes the gracious Father rise,
And hasten from His seat?
'Tis one in distance He descries,
A long-lost son to meet.'

Why thus dismounted on the ground,
What bears Thy weary beast?
'A wounded man that I have found,
Whom I from death released.'

What is that poor and abject thing,
Washing Thy feet with tears?
'One that would hide beneath My wing
Her sin and shame and fears.'

In Paradise who is that one
That hastes Thy side along?
'One of earth's outcasts I have won,
While near My cross he hung.

What, art Thou kneeling? Thou, our feet
To wash! and callest such
Thy friends! with us to sit and eat!
O Lord! it is too much!

O Lord, with bleeding, broken heart,
I would to Thee draw near;
I dare not bid Thee to depart,
Thy mercy makes me fear.

I. Williams.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

But Jerusalem which is above is free; which is the mother of us all. For it is written, Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not; break forth and cry, thou that travailest not: for the desolate hath many more children than she which hath an husband.—*Epistle: Gal.* iv.

Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is, of a truth, that Prophet that should come into the world.—*Gospel: John* vi.

HEN, on the Second Temple's height,
The Jew upraised his aged sight,
How sank his heart to see,
Robbed of its ancient pomp and pride,
The house where deigned on earth to abide
His God's own Majesty!

No holy Urim there express'd
Heaven's purpose on the Prophet's breast;
There the lov'd Ark no more
On mercy's seat, presented Him
Who dwelt between the Cherubim,
In Israel's tents of yore.

The consecrated fire was gone;
The announcing light no longer shone
Around that Presence dread:
And oh! what prayer could now invoke,
The high prophetic voice that spoke
To Judah's happier dead?

Thus deem'd the sorrowing Israelite:
Ye Christians, answer, deem'd he right?
Oh! for Seraphic power,
To flash conviction on the Jew,
And bid his soul exulting view
That Temple's holiest hour!

There shall the true oracular sound,
The Almighty voice of Christ, be found;
There shall the gracious Ark,
Blest by the bleeding victim, grant
A higher, ampler covenant
To worlds in error dark.

There shall the fire which darts from Heaven,
The Spirit's awful breath, be given:
There, in corporeal shrine
Shall, the unerring records tell,
The fulness of the Godhead dwell,
The Father's glory shine.

Then murmuring unbelief, be dumb,
Hark, the great Prophet's accents come,
The Spirit unconfined!
Yes, from the second Temple burst
Sounds of more love than fill'd the first,
Sounds of redeemed mankind!

Child's Christian Year.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands; that is to say, not of this building, neither by the blood of goats and calves; but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God? And for this cause He is the Mediator of the new testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance.—*Epistle: Heb* ix.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.

O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still!

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart an house of prayer!

The stone to flesh again convert,
The veil of sin once more remove;
Drop Thy warm blood upon my heart,
And melt it with Thy dying love:
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new!

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill all my soul with filial fears,
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by Thy grace, O bend or break
The iron sinew in my neck!

Oh, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
  That trembles at th' approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
  Implant and root it deep within;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

C. Wesley.

Sunday next before Easter.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—*Epistle: Phil.* ii.

THOU the cup of death didst drain,
Thou within the tomb wert laid;
Thou art risen, Thou dost reign,
Seraphim Thy subjects made!
Lord! when we recal the story
Of Thy lowliness and glory,
Keep us, lest we fall from Thee,
Through that awful mystery.

Who can fathom the abyss
Where Thou plungedst for our love?
Who conceive the glorious bliss
Waiting on Thy steps above?

Cradled in the lowliest shed,
Weeping, toiling, suffering, dead!
Mighty Monarch, throned on high,
Ruling all in earth and sky!

Who is equal to these things?
Who such mysteries can brook;
Faith, with eagle eye and wings,
Scarcely there may soar or look.
Thought must seek that height in vain,
All her musings turn to pain,
Whelmed beneath the mighty load,
Of that word, 'Incarnate God!'

Blessed, blessed be the Lord!
Who on simple souls and poor
Gently has the knowledge pour'd,
Which the wise can scarce endure.
Saved from sinning, happy, healed,
By those mystic truths reveal'd,
Changed by power above their own,
Christ to them is fully known.

Known when drawing infant breath,
Known in labour and in pain,
Known victorious over death,
Known in His triumphant reign.
All He suffered, all He won,
God, and woman's wondrous Son:
All alike from sin restrain,
All to them is wise and plain.

Other days may come at last,
When our purer eyes shall see,
By no whelming thoughts o'ercast,
Our salvation's mystery.
Give us grace meanwhile to rest,
By obedience taught and blest,
Sure, that truths which make us free,
God of counsel, flow from Thee!

Anstice

Monday before Easter.

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength?

I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?

I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me.—*Epistle: Isai.* lxiii.

WHO is this, with garments gory,
Triumphing from Bozra's way?
Thus, that weareth robes of glory,
Bright with more than victory's ray?
Who is this unwearied comer,
From the journey's sultry length,
Travelling through Idume's summer
In the greatness of His strength?

Wherefore red in thine apparel,
Like the conquerors of the earth;
And arrayed like those who carol
O'er the reeking vineyard's mirth?
Who art Thou, the valleys seeking,
Where our peaceful harvests wave?
'I, in righteous anger speaking;
I, the Mighty One to save:

'I, that of the raging heathen
Trod the wine-press all alone,
Now in victor-garlands wreathen,
Coming to redeem mine own.
I am He, with sprinkled raiment,
Glorious from my vengeance-hour,
Ransoming with priceless payment,
And delivering with power.'

Hail! all hail! Thou Lord of Glory,
Thee, our Father, Thee we own;
Abraham heard not of our story,
Israel ne'er our name hath known:
But, Redeemer, Thou hast sought us,
Thou hast heard Thy children's wail,
Thou with Thy dear blood hast bought us:
Hail! Thou mighty Victor, hail!

A. C. Coxe.

Tuesday before Easter.

I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting.—*Epistle: Isaiah* l.

WHAT shame and desolation,
Working out the world's salvation,
Deigned the King of Heaven to bear!
See Him, bowed with sorrows endless,
Hungry, thirsty, poor, and friendless,
Ever to the cross repair!

Hold His wrongs in recollection,
Who, in undeserved affliction,
Wandered through a thankless land:
Countless agonies unmeasured,
In thy heart of hearts keep treasured,
If at all thou understand.

To the cross from judgment taken,
Silent, of His friends forsaken,
From no torments doth He shrink;
There His hands and feet they pierced,
There of gall, as one accursed,
Gave the King of kings to drink!

See, the eye no longer flashes,
And the face is white like ashes,
Furrowed with an iron pain
On that blessed form unshrouded
Ancient comeliness is clouded;
Scarce doth any grace remain.

Whoso hearest and believest,
See that in this grief thou grievest;
Groan for heaviness of heart;
Vex thy flesh, thy soul, with sorrow;
Weeping reach thy hand, and borrow
From the cross each cruel smart.

With the curse upon Him lying,
Mark the Man of Sorrows dying,
Strong in pain, our crowning Seed,—
Justly, then, be thou contented
With thy Lord to be tormented,
On the cross with Him to bleed.

Brother, in all work whatever
Still to see Christ's wounds endeavour,
Still take up the cross he bore;
Count Him thine eternal treasure,
Let thine heart, with deepening pleasure,
Feed upon Him, more and more.

Crucified! sustain Thy servant,
Make my soul with anguish fervent

Feel thy passion day by day,
Lovingly I yearn to cherish
That sweet cross where Thou didst perish,
In Thine arms to pass away!

Worsley: from the Latin.

Wednesday before Easter.

And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation.—*Epistle: Heb.* ix.

NO blood, no altar now,
The sacrifice is o'er;
No flame, no smoke, ascends on high;
The Lamb is slain no more!
But richer blood has flowed from nobler veins,
To purge the soul from guilt, and cleanse the reddest stains.

We thank Thee for the blood,
The blood of Christ Thy Son;
The blood by which our peace is made,
Our victory is won;
Great victory o'er hell, and sin, and woe,
That needs no second fight, and leaves no second foe.

We thank Thee for the grace,
Descending from above,
That overflows our widest guilt,
The Eternal Father's love:
Love of the Father's everlasting Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Three in One.

We thank Thee for the hope,
  So glad, and sure, and clear;
It holds the drooping spirit up,
  Till the long dawn appear;
Fair hope! with what a sunshine doth it cheer
Our roughest path on earth, our dreariest desert here!

We thank Thee for the crown
  Of glory and of life;
'Tis no poor withering wreath of earth,
  Man's prize in mortal strife:
'Tis incorruptible as in the throne,
The kingdom of our God and His Incarnate Son.

Bonar.

Thursday before Easter.

For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you: That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.—*Epistle:* 1 *Cor.* xi.

I.

LORD, to Thy table let me go,
The child of weariness and woe,
My home to find:
From sin, and sense, and self set free,
Absorbed alone in love to Thee,
Able to leave, in liberty,
This world behind.

Jesus, be Thou my heavenly food,
Sweet source divine of every good,
Centre of rest:
One with Thy heart let me be found,
Prostrate upon that holy ground,
Where grace, and peace, and life abound,
Drawn from Thy breast.

There let me lean, and live, and lie,
As fast the fleeting moments fly,
Sands in a glass,
Which time may shake with restless hand,
Yet only at Thine own command,
Till to a dearer, happier land
My soul shall pass.

Then, then unveiled wilt Thou appear
To those who, walking with Thee here,
These wilds have trod;
In faith, that with the Cherubim,
The saints, and hosts of Seraphim,
They, too, may join the eternal hymn
To Thee, O God!

Bridges.

II.

WHO hath believed our report? to whom
Hath Thine arm been reveal'd, Incarnate Lord?
Reason confounded stands,
And Faith silent and mute.

O Holy Lamb, slain ere the world was made,
And hast Thou from Thy Father's bosom come,
Thyself the Sacrifice
Dimly shadow'd of old!

But why thus laid upon the cold dark ground?
Oh, why that look of fearful agony,
While on thy wan worn frame
Thy blood stands, drop by drop?

It is the mighty anguish of Thy soul,
And horror at the weight of others' crimes,
To bear Thy Father's wrath,
And terrors of the lost.

It is the proffered cup Thy soul affrights:
Ah! if it be that Thou drink not the whole,
We everlastingly
Must drink, and suck the dregs.

But Love doth master terror's agony:
Love strong in death, and His blest Father's will;
Calmly He yields himself
To darkness and to death.

And now unto the scourge, the twined thorn,
The rough rude mockery, and torturing tree,
A lamb-like victim meek,
He bows His holy head.

Glory to God, His only Son who gave,
The Son who died, a living sacrifice,
And Spirit who came down
To light the altar flame.

Williams: from the Latin.

Good Friday.

This man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool. For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.—*Epistle: Heb.* x.

I.

AND Thou didst die for me, oh Son of God!
By Thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.
Thou, that were wont to stand
Alone, on God's right hand,
Before the Ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;
The limbs thou healed'st brought Thee no relief,
The eyes Thou openest calmly view'd Thy fate.
Thou, that wert wont to dwell
In peace, tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive the bliss of thy celestial state.

They dragged Thee to the Roman's solemn hall,
Where the proud Judge in purple splendour sate;
Thou stoodst a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurled,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When 'Crucify him!' yell'd the general shout;
No hand to guard Thee mid those insults rude,
Nor lip to bless in all that frantic rout;
Whose lightest whisper'd word
The Seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound Thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;
The blood, from all Thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepen'd Thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

They smote Thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear Thy shudd'ring side they pierced;
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave, t' enhance Thy unslaked burning thirst:

Thou whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.

Low bow'd Thy head convulsed, and droop'd in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
Slow struggled from Thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony.
That head, whose veilless blaze
Fill'd angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

And Thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound;
The sealed stone confirm'd Thy mortal doom,
Lone watchmen walk'd Thy desert burial ground,
Whom heaven could not contain,
Nor th' immeasurable plain
Of vast Infinity inclose or circle round.

For us, for us, Thou didst endure the pain,
And Thy meek spirit bowed itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
T' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance-flame:
Thou that couldst nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious name.

Milman.

II.

Up to the hill of Calvary,
With Christ our Lord ascending,
We deem that Cross our victory
'Neath which his knees are bending :—
What soldier is of generous strain ?
One honour let him cherish ;—
With Christ upon the battle-plain
A thousand times to perish !

On must the faithful warrior go,
Whereso the Chief precedeth ;
And all true hearts will seek the foe
Where'er the banner leadeth ;
Our highest victory ; it is loss :
No cup hath such completeness
Of gall, but that remembered Cross
Will turn it into sweetness !

Does sickness hover o'er thy head,
In weakness art thou lying ?
Behold upon the Cross's bed
Thy sick Physician dying !
No member in the holy frame
That there for thee must languish,
But what thy pride hath clothed with shame,
But what thy sin, with anguish !

Have wealth and honour spread their wing,
And left thee all unfriended ?
See naked on the cross thy King,
And thy regrets are ended :
The fox hath where to lay his head,
Her nest receives the sparrow :
Thy Saviour, for his latest bed,
One plank hath, hard and narrow !

Thy good name suffers from the tongue
Of slanderers and oppressors ?
Jesus, as on the cross he hung,
Was reckoned with transgressors !
More than the nails or than the spear
His sacred limbs assailing.
Judea's children pierced His ear
With blasphemy and railing.

Fear'st thou the death that comes to all,
And knows no interceder ?
O glorious struggle, thou wilt fall,
The soldier by the leader !
Christ went with death to grapple first,
And vanquished him before thee ;
His darts, then, let him do his worst,
Can win no triumph o'er thee !

And, if thy conscience brands each sense,
With many a past defilement,
Here, by the fruits of penitence,
Hope thou for reconcilement !

For He, who bowed His holy head,
In death serenely sleeping,
Hath grace on contrite hearts to shed,
And pardon for the weeping!

Neale: from the Latin.

Easter Even.

And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.—*Gospel: Matt.* xxvii.

SABBATH of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest;
I, with thought of Thee would seek
To sanctify the closing week.

Resting from his work, the Lord,
Spake, to day, the hallowing word:
And, His wondrous labours done,
Now, the Everlasting Son,
Gave to Heaven and earth the sign
Of a wonder more divine.

Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
His sacred form from head to feet
Swathèd in the winding-sheet;
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid behind the sealed stone.

All that seventh day long, I ween,
Mournful watched the Magdalene,
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So, as closed the sabbath night,
In Goshen watched the Israelite,
Staff in hand, in pilgrim guise,
By the slaughtered sacrifice,
Waiting till the midnight cry
Signal gave that God was nigh.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord a shrine,
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may'st ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices I will bring,
My poor affection's offering,
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around,
And in patient watch remain,
Till my Lord appear again.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep,
They who 'neath the altar sleep;

Scarce a day perchance doth seem,
The time of their unbodied dream,
'Twixt their rest from labour past
And their waking at the last.

Then, the new creation done,
Then, the endless rest begun,
Jesus! keep me safe from sin,
That I with Thee may enter in,
And, danger past, and toil at end,
To Thy resting-place ascend.

Child's Christian Year.

Easter Day.

Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over Him.

For in that He died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin; but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Rom.* vi.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God —*Epistle: Col.* iii.

I.

COME, see the place where Jesus lies;
The last sad rite is done!
With aching hearts and weeping eyes
The faithful few are gone.

They washed with tears each bloody trace
On those dear limbs that lay;
Then spread the napkin o'er His face,
And turn'd and went their way.

By the sealed stone with grounded spears
The guards their vigil keep;
They wist not other eyes than theirs
Watch o'er the Saviour's sleep.

All Heaven above, all Hell beneath,—
  Bright hope, and blank dismay,—
Look on, to see if grisly Death
  Can hold his mighty prey.

Now, grisly Death, thy powers combine!
  Now gird thee for the strife!
Yet needs there stronger arm than thine,
  To keep the Lord of Life.

'Tis done;—O Death, thy Victor-guest
  Hath smoothed thy visage grim!
O Grave, the blessed place of rest,
  For all who sleep in Him!

Hankinson.

II.

My soul, amid this stormy world,
  Is like some fluttered dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing
  To flee to Him I love.

The cords that bound my heart to earth
  Are broken by His hand;
Before His cross I found myself
  A stranger in the land.

That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
  The vinegar and gall,
These were His golden chains of love
  His captive to enthral.

My heart is with Him on His throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the voice,
'Rise up, and come away!'

With hope deferred, oft sick and faint,
Why tarries He?' I cry,
Let not my Saviour chide my haste;
For then would I reply:—

'May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner, to be free?

'A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she that waits her absent Lord,
May sigh till He appear.

'I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows!
Would search the mystery of Thy love,
The depths of all Thy woes!

'I fain would strike my harp divine
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace has done!

'Ah, leave me not in this base world,
A stranger still to roam;
Come, Lord, and take me to Thyself!
Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

Chapman.

Monday in Easter Week.

Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures.—*Gospel: Luke* xxiv.

THEY talked of Jesus, as they went;
And Jesus, all unknown,
Did at their side Himself present
With sweetness all His own.
Swift, as He oped the sacred word,
His glory they discerned;
And swift, as His dear voice they heard,
Their hearts within them burned.

He would have left them, but that they
With prayers His love assailed:
'Depart not yet! A little stay!'
They pressed Him, and prevailed.
And Jesus was revealed, as there
He blessed and brake the bread;
But, while they marked His heavenly air,
The matchless Guest had fled.

And thus, at times, as Christians talk
Of Jesus and his word,
He joins two friends amidst their walk,
And makes, unseen, a third.

And oh! how sweet their converse flows,
Their holy theme how clear,
How warm with love each bosom glows,
If Jesus be but near!

And they that woo His visits sweet,
And will not let Him go,
Oft, while His broken bread they eat,
His soul-felt presence know:
His gathered friends He loves to meet
And fill with joy their faith,
When they with melting hearts repeat,
The memory of His death.

But such sweet visits here are brief;
Dispensed from stage to stage,
(A cheering and a prized relief),
Of faith's hard pilgrimage.
There is a scene where Jesus ne'er,
Ne'er leaves His happy guests;
He spreads a ceaseless banquet there,
And love still fires their breasts.

Grinfield.

Tuesday in Easter Week.

Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and said, Peace be unto you. And they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And He said unto them, Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? —*Gospel: Luke* xxiv.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest:
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,—
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet, Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past, how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd follow'd, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear!
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longing for vanished smiles, and voices gone!

Thou knowest all the future, gleams of gladness,
  By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,—
Hopes of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
  And the dark river to be crossed at last:
Oh, what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this, 'Thou knowest, Lord!'

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
  As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing;
  O Saviour! Thou hast wept, and Thou has loved!
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
  And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
  Cloth'd in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known!

Author of 'Hymns from the Land of Luther.'

First Sunday after Easter.

Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

He that believeth in the Son of God hath the witness in himself: He that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in His Son.—*Epistle:* 1 *John* v.

The same day at even, when the doors were shut, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.—*Gospel: John* xx.

OMMIT thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint;
Worlds are to Him no load,—
To Him breathe thy complaint.
He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
Can make a way for thee.

Thou must in Him be blest,
Ere bliss can be secure;
On His work must thou rest,
If thy work shall endure.

To anxious, prying thought,
And weary, fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought;
He giveth all to prayer!

Father, Thy faithful love,
Thy mercy, wise and mild,
Sees what will blessing prove,
Or what will hurt Thy child.
And what Thy wise foreseeing
Doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being,
Nor sufferest them to lose.

All means, always possessing,
Invincible in might;
Thy doings are all blessing,
Thy goings are all light.
Nothing Thy work suspending,
No foe can make thee pause,
When Thou thine own defending
Dost undertake their cause.

Hope then, though woes be doubled,
Hope and be undismayed;
Let not thine heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.
This prison where thou art,
Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart,
In His own blessed noon.

Up ! up, the day is breaking,
Say to thy cares, Good night !
Thy troubles from thee shaking,
Like dreams in day's fresh light.
Thou wearest not the crown,
Nor the best course can'st tell ;
God sitteth on the throne,
And guideth all things well.

Trust to Him to govern, then !
No king can rule like Him ;
How wilt thou wonder when
Thine eyes are no more dim ;
To see those paths that vex thee,
How wise they were, and meet ;
The works which now perplex thee,
How beauteous, how complete !

Faithful the love thou sharest,
All, all is well with thee ;
The crown from hence thou wearest,
With shouts of victory.
In thy right hand, to-morrow
Thy God shall place the palm ;
To Him who chased thy sorrow,
Now glad will be thy psalm !

Gerhardt.

Second Sunday after Easter.

But if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps; who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously: Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree; that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed.—*Epistle:* 1 *Peter* ii.

SAVIOUR of all, what hast Thou done,
What hast Thou suffered on the tree,
Why didst Thou groan Thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of Thy passion show,
The end of all Thy griefs below.

Thy soul for sin an offering made,
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine;
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine—
To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like Thee.

Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy
  My bleeding Sacrifice expired:
But didst Thou not, my Pattern, die,
  That by Thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown eternal sure?

Thou didst the meek example leave,
  That I might in Thy footsteps tread;
Might, like the Man of Sorrows, grieve,
  And groan, and bow with Thee my head:
Thy dying in my body bear
And all Thy state of suffering share.

Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
  Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
  And outwardly conformed to Thee!
Out of Thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp through death the glorious prize.

This is the straight and royal way,
  That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever, stay,
  Till, on the wings of perfect love
I take my last triumphant flight
  From Calvary to Sion's height.

Third Sunday after Easter.

Jesus said to his disciples, A little while and ye shall not see me: and again a little while and ye shall see me; because I go to the Father.

Verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

Ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.—*Gospel: John* xvi.

NEVER further than Thy cross!
Never higher than Thy feet!
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things seem sweet.

Gazing thus, our sin we see;
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee;
Love, which bore the cross for us.

Here, from pomp and pride retired,
Nothing we would seem to be;
Dust, yet with Thy life inspired;
Nothing, yet beloved by Thee!

Symbols of our liberty,
And our service, here unite;
Captives, by Thy cross made free;
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.

Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our life shall tend;
Where life's earliest steps began,
May life's latest moments end.

Till, amid the hosts of light,
We, in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and bright,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

Jesus said unto His disciples, Now I go my way unto Him that sent me, and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou? But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your hearts. Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.—*Gospel: John* xvi.

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest!

Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high:
  But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
  Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power
  So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
  At Thy right hand on high!

Emma Toke.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.—*Gospel: John* xvi

JESUS, we rest in Thee,
In Thee ourselves we hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could we rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast,
Our weary souls alone can rest.

Thou holy One of God!
The Father rests in Thee,
And in the savour of that blood,
Once shed on Calvary,
The curse is gone; through Thee we're blest;
God rests in Thee; in Thee we rest.

The slaves of sin and fear,—
Thy truth our bondage broke;
Our happy spirits love to wear,
Thy light and easy yoke.
The love which fills our grateful breast
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

Soon the bright glorious day,
The rest of God shall come,
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And we shall reach our home;
Then, of the promis'd land possess'd,
Our souls shall know eternal rest.

Ascension Day.

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that like as we do believe Thy only-begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ to have ascended into the heavens; so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with Him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.—*Collect.*

I.

WHILE up to heaven God goeth,
In majesty from earth,
Its blast the trumpet bloweth,
All jubilant with mirth.
Sing praise then, nothing loath,
Sing praise and gratulation,
The King of our salvation,
Is Lord of Sabaoth.

To greet the Lord ascending
The wide heaven laughs with glee;
And, on their King attending,
The saints, whom Christ set free,
Around their Saviour throng,
With seraphs sweetly singing,
And cherub voices singing
The welcome of their song.

We know the way that leadeth
To our exalted Head;
We know the path that speedeth
To heaven, where Christ hath sped.
Our Lord is gone before,
He will not here forsake us,
But to His home will take us,
And open wide the door.

We too the house will enter,
The mansion of our Lord;
We too our hopes will centre,
Where lies our treasure stored;
Lift up your hearts each one,
Where Christ hath onward hastened;
On Him your hope be fastened,
To Him your race be run.

Let us to heaven go pressing,
With mighty hearts yet meek;
Let us sing sweet our blessing,
Thee, Jesu Christ, we seek;
'Thee, O Thou Son of God,
Who dost all might inherit;
Thee, Crown of heart and spirit
Thee, true and living road.'

When will that morn break o'er us;
When come the blessed time,
That Christ will stand before us,
In lordliness sublime?

Thou day, O haste and cheer
Our souls the Saviour meeting,
Our hearts the Saviour greeting;
Sweet day of days, appear. Alleluia!

From the Latin.

II.

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe
And wear the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, pass'd to Thy home on high.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread.

O Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour! which doth lead to Thee.

Susan L. Miles.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

O God the King of Glory, who hast exalted Thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto Thy kingdom in heaven; we beseech Thee, leave us not comfortless; but send to us Thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.—*Collect.*

THERE is a dwelling-place above;
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go;
There is a paradise of rest;
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage;
The meek that haven gain:
There is a board, where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
May feast, nor crave again.

There is a voice to mercy true;
To them who mercy's path pursue,
That voice shall bliss impart;
There is a sight from man concealed;
That sight, the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name, in heaven bestowed,
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know:
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high,
Who serve Him best below.

Lord! be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given!
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in heaven.

Mant.

Whit Sunday.

Jesus said unto His disciples, If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. And the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. —*Gospel: John* xiv.

I.

THERE was a little lowly upper room
Within the walls of proud Jerusalem,
Where met a few poor men in grief and gloom,
Talking of Him who once had walked with them.

There came a sound as of a rushing wind,
And filled up all the place where they were met,
And flaming figures of unwonted kind,
Like tongues of fire, upon each brow were set.

That was the promise of the Father, come
To them who waited, mourning for their Lord;
And the closed lips that were so dead and dumb,
Are loosed at once to speak His precious word.

Then are the strangers from afar, who came
From Asian shores, from Europe's fairer strands.
From Afric's deserts, wondering heard His name,
In the dear language of their native lands.

Not now in form distinct of flaming light
Comes that great SPIRIT on our earth to dwell,
But, like the strong wind whispering at night,
Its mighty impulse is invisible.

Yet to the lowly and obedient heart,
In gentleness and might its breath shall come,
Bidding the Christian choose the better part,
Stirring with thoughts of his eternal home.

O Lord ascended! from Thy glory's throne,
On Thy baptised children kneeling lowly,
Look down in mercy! we were made Thine own;
Give our poor hearts Thy SPIRIT strong and holy.

C. F. H.

II.

HOLY Spirit, gently come,
  Raise us from our fallen state,
Fix thy everlasting home
  In the hearts Thou didst create!
Gift of God most high!
  Visit every troubled breast;
Light and life and love supply;
  Give our spirits perfect rest!

Heavenly unction from above,
  Comforter of weary saints,
Fountain, Life, and Fire of Love,
  Hear, and answer our complaints!
Thee we humbly pray,
  Finger of the living God,
Now Thy sevenfold grace display,
  Shed our Saviour's love abroad!

Now Thy quickening influence bring,
  On our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
  Jesu's everlasting love!
Lighten every heart;
  Drive our enemies away;
Joy and peace to us impart;
  Lead us in the heavenly way!

Take the things of Christ and show,
What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
Only in and through the Son:
Nothing will we fear,
Though to wilds and deserts driven,
While we feel Thy presence near,
Witnessing our sins forgiven.

Glory be to God alone,
God whose hand created all!
Glory be to God the Son,
Who redeemed us from our fall!
To the Holy Ghost
Equal praise and glory be,
When the course of time is lost,
Lost in wide eternity! *Hammond.*

Monday in Whitsun Week.

Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him.

And they of the circumcision, which believed, were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost.—*Epistle: Acts* x.

NOT from Jerusalem alone,
To heaven the path ascends;
As near, as sure, as straight the way
That leads to the celestial day,
From farthest realms extends;
Frigid or torrid zone.

What matters how or whence we start?
One is the crown to all;
One is the hard but glorious race,
Whatever be our starting-place;
Rings round the earth the call
That says, Arise, depart!

From the balm-breathing, sun-loved isles
Of the bright Southern Sea,

From the dead North's cloud-shadowed pole,
We gather to one gladsome goal,
One common home in Thee,
City of sun and smiles!

The cold rough billow hinders none;
Nor helps the calm, fair main;
The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,
The verdure of Tahitian bloom,
The sands of Mizraim's plain,
Or peaks of Lebanon.

As from the green lands of the vine,
So from the snow-wastes pale,
We find the ever-open road
To the dear city of our God;
From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,
Or terraced Palestine.

Not from swift Jordan's sacred stream
Alone we mount above;
Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone,
Rivers unsainted or unknown;
From each, the home of love
Beckons with heavenly gleam.

Not from grey Olivet alone
We see the gates of light;
From Morven's heath or Jungfrau's snow
We welcome the descending glow
Of pearl or chrysolite,
And the unsetting sun.

Not from Jerusalem alone
The church ascends to God;
Strangers of every tongue and clime,
Pilgrims of every land and time,
Throng the well-trodden road
That leads up to the Throne.

Bonar.

Trinity Sunday.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hast given unto us Thy servants grace by the confession of a true faith to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of the Divine Majesty to worship the Unity; We beseech Thee, that Thou wouldst keep us stedfast in this faith, and evermore defend us from all adversities, who livest and reignest, one God, world without end.—*Collect.*

MOST high and holy Trinity!
Thou God of all compassion!
Who, in thy Godhead's likeness, me
From nothing once didst fashion;
Oh that my secret soul might be
Filled only with the love of Thee.
Do Thou thyself my heart prepare
Then come and make thy dwelling there.

Bend, Father, with a force divine,
To Thee each inclination:
And make my soul thine inmost shrine
And peaceful habitation:
Forgive me, Lord, that day by day
Vain joys have drawn my heart astray:
Now filled with Thee, let nought beside
O Father, in my soul abide.

O God the Son, Thy truth make plain,
With that my soul awaken:
Forgive that oft by fictions vain
It hath been captive taken:
Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fixed, from Thee proceed:
Draw me to Thee, and grace bestow,
To wean me from the joys below.

O Holy Ghost, Thou fire of love,
My slothful will inflaming,
Thy work to do, Thy will to prove,
Let me be ever aiming:
Forgive me, that my wayward mind
So oft to sin has been inclined;
Now let me in Thy favour rest;
Thy love implanted in my breast.

Most high and holy Trinity
Lead me from earth to heaven;
To Thee and to eternity
Let all my thoughts be given.
Oh make me one with Thee below,
That when from earth's dark scenes I go,
In glory I may dwell with Thee,
Most high and holy Trinity!

First Sunday after Trinity.

In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love,—not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.—*Epistle:* 1 *John* iv.

NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

It is Thy perfect love that casts out fear;
I know the voice that speaks the 'It is I.'
And in these well-known words of heavenly cheer,
I hear the joy that bids each sorrow fly.

Thy name is Love! I hear it from yon cross;
Thy name is Love! I read it in yon tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

It blesses now, and shall for ever bless;
It saves me now, and shall for ever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness;
'T bears me safely o'er each swelling wave

Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod,
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

I am all want and hunger; this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here;
Dear ones are leaving, and, as they depart,
Make room within for something yet more dear.

More of Thyself, Oh show me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power,
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word!

Bonar.

Second Sunday after Trinity.

He that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him; and hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.—*Epistle*: 1 *John* iii. 13.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyte.

Third Sunday after Trinity.

Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time; casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you. . . . . And the God of all grace, who hath called us into His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.—*Epistle:* 1 *Peter* v.

SON of God, if Thy free grace,
Again hath raised me up,
Called me still to seek Thy face,
And given me back my hope;
Still Thy gracious help afford,
And all Thy loving-kindness show;
Keep me, keep me, blessed Lord!
And never let me go.

By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour;
Save me with thine outstretched hand,
And show forth all Thy power:
O be mindful of Thy word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, blessed Lord!
And never let me go.

Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near,
With timely care depart;
Sin be more than hell abhorr'd
Till Thou destroy the tyrant-foe:
Keep me, keep me, blessed Lord,
And never let me go.

Never let me go, till I
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above;
See Thee by all Heaven adored,
And all thy glorious fulness know;
Keep me, keep me, blessed Lord!
And never let me go.

C. Wesley.

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.—*Epistle : Rom.* viii.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
Towards Heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for Heaven.

Seagrave.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by Thy governance, that Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness: through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.—*Epistle:* 1 *Peter* iii.

GOD unseen, but not unknown,
Thine eye is ever fixed on me;
I dwell beneath Thy secret throne,
Encompassed by Thy Deity.

Throughout this universe of space
To nothing am I long allied;
For flight of time, and change of place,
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they?
Friends whom I knew, I know no more;
Companions that once cheer'd my way
Have dropt behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst the crowd
Of life and action hurrying round;
Now left alone;—for, like a cloud,
They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself sometimes I part;
Unconscious sleep is nightly death;
Yet surely by my couch Thou art,
To prompt my pulse,—inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done or said,
How little can I now recal!
Forgotten things to me are dead;
With Thee they live, Thou know'st them all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,
Witness to every conflict here;
Nor wilt Thou leave me at the tomb,
Before Thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes, when strength must fail,
When, health and hope and courage flown,
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with Thee alone.

Alone with Thee!—in that dread strife;
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

Then when the unbodied spirit lands
  Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveil'd presence stands
  Of Thee, my Saviour, and my God,—

Be mine eternal portion this,—
  Since Thou wert always here with me,
That I may view Thy face in bliss,
  And be for evermore with Thee.

Montgomery.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

O God, who hast prepared for them that love Thee, such good things as pass man's understanding; pour into our hearts such love towards Thee, that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

If we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him.—*Epistle: Rom.* vi.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me
In want, in pain, in shame hast show'd;
For me on the accursed tree
Thou pouredst forth Thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor may ought the loved stamp efface.

More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain:
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flowed Thy cleansing blood in vain:
O soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away.

O that I, as a little child,
May follow Thee, nor ever rest,
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast.
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with Thee!

O draw me, Saviour, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me!
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire:
Free me from every weight,—nor fear
Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.

What in Thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day;
My spring of life when parched with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;

My strength, my shield, my safe abode!
My robe before the throne of God!

Still let Thy love point out my way:
What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me lest I go astray,
Direct my work, inspire my thought:
And when I fall, soon let me hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering, be Thy love my peace!
In weakness, be Thy love my power:
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

J. Wesley: from the German.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

Brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh; for if ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption; whereby we cry Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs;—heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.—*Epistle: Rom.* viii.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge-brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen, not for good in me;
Wakened up from wrath to flee;
Hidden in the Saviour's side;
By thy Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;

But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed esus! Jbid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise,—
The Spirit comes, the Tempter flies;
Blessed Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign;
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night Thine anger burns,
Morning comes and joy returns:
God of comfort, bid me show
To Thy poor how much I owe.

Mc Cheyne.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful; that we, who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, may by Thee be enabled to live according to Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it. —*Epistle:* 1 *Cor.* x.

THE way seems dark about me,—overhead
The clouds have long since met in gloomy spread,
And when I looked to see the day break through,
Cloud after cloud came up with volume new.

And in that shadow I have passed along,
Feeling myself grow weak as it grew strong,
Walking in doubt, and searching for the way,
And often at a stand—as now to-day.

And if before me on the path there lies
A spot of brightness from imagined skies,
Imagined shadows fall across it too,
And the far future takes the present's hue.

Perplexities still throng upon my sight,
Like scudding fog-banks, to obscure the light;
Some new dilemma rises every day,
And I can only close my eyes and pray.

Lord! I am not sufficient for these things,
Give me the light that Thy sweet presence brings;
Give me Thy grace, give me Thy constant strength;
Lord, for my comfort now appear at length.

It may be that my way doth seem confused,
Because my heart is of Thy way afraid;
Because my eyes have constantly refused
To see the only opening Thou hast made.

Because my will would cross some flowery plain,
Where Thou hast thrown a hedge from side to side;
And turneth from the stony path of pain,
Its trouble, or its ease, not even tried.

If thus I try to force my way along,
The smoothest road encumbered is to me;
For were I as an angel swift or strong,
I could not go unless allowed by Thee.

And now I pray Thee, Lord, to lead Thy child,
Poor wretched wanderer from Thy grace and love,
Whatever way Thou pleasest through the wild,
So it but take me to Thy home above.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues But all these worketh that one and the self same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will.—*Epistle*: 1 *Cor.* xii.

SOURCE of good, whose power controls
Every movement of our souls;
Wind that quickens where it blows;
Comforter of human woes;
Lamp of God, whose ray serene
In the darkest night is seen;
Come, inspire my feeble strain,
That I may not sing in vain!

God's own Finger, skill'd to teach
Tongues of every land and speech;
Balsam of the wounded soul,
Binding up and making whole:
Flame of pure and holy love;
Strength of all that live and move;
Come! Thy gifts and fire impart;
Make me love Thee from the heart.

As the hart, with longing, looks,
For refreshing water-brooks,
Heated in the burning chace;
So my soul desires Thy grace;
So my heavy-laden breast,
By the cares of life opprest,
Longs Thy cooling streams to taste,
In this dry and barren waste.

Mighty Spirit, by whose aid
Man a living soul was made;
Everlasting God! whose fire
Kindles chaste and pure desire;
Grant, in every grief and loss,
I may calmly bear the cross,
And surrender all to Thee,
Comforting and strengthening me.

Let not hell, with frowns or smiles,
Open force or cunning wiles,
Snap the thread of my brief days;
But, when gently life decays,
Take to heaven Thy servant dear,
Who hath loved and served Thee here;
There eternal hymns to raise,
Mighty Spirit, to Thy praise!

Massie: from the German.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven; but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner.—*Gospel: Luke* xviii.

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thy own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

O think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesu's woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me!

Lyte.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

Almighty and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear, than we to pray; and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.—*Collect.*

BEHOLD me here, in grief draw near,
Pleading at Thy throne, O King;
To Thee each tear, each trembling fear,
Jesus, Son of Man, I bring.
Let me find Thee! let me find Thee!
Me, a vile and worthless thing.

Look down in love, and from above
With Thy Spirit satisfy;
Thou has sought me, Thou hast bought me,
And Thy purchase, Lord, am I,
Let me find Thee! Let me find Thee,
Here on earth, and then on high!

No other prayer to Thee I bear,
O my Lord, but only this,
To share Thy grace, to see Thy face,
And to know Thy people's bliss.
Let me find Thee! let me find Thee!
Thee to find is blessedness.

Hear the broken, scarcely spoken
  Utterance of my heart to Thee;
All the crying, all the sighing
  Of Thy child accepted be.
Let me find Thee! let me find Thee;
  Thus my soul longs vehemently!

Worldly pleasures, earthly treasures,
  Joys and honours will not stay;
They often pain, and O how vain!
  Looking to eternity;
Let me find Thee! let me find Thee,
  Find Thee, O my God, this day!

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Almighty and merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that Thy faithful people do unto Thee true and laudable service: Grant, we beseech Thee, that we may so faithfully serve Thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain Thy heavenly promises: through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.—*Epistle: Gal.* iii.

LONG I strove my God to love;
Long I strove His laws to keep;
Fain would fix my thoughts above;
Faintly hoped I was His sheep;
But my striving all proved vain;
Still I found my heart in pain:
Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,
Till declared accursed by law.

When, with sense of guilt opprest,
All my soul was sunk in fear,
Pain and anguish fill'd my breast;
Then did Jesus Christ appear;
Not with vengeance in His eyes:
No, but as a sacrifice
Acceptable unto God;
Glorious offering, precious blood!

He was offered on the tree,
Jesus, the unspotted Lamb;
Wondrous truth, great mystery!
By his blood salvation came;
By His stripes my wounds are heal'd,
By His death, God's love reveal'd;
We, once strangers, far from God,
Are brought nigh by Jesu's blood.

From the German.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Almighty and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity; and, that we may obtain that which Thou dost promise, make us to love that which Thou dost command; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh, For the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.—*Epistle: Gal.* v.

I WOULD that I were fairer, Lord;
More what Thy bride should be;
More meet to be the sharer, Lord,
Of love and Heaven with Thee;
Yet if Thy love with me thou'lt share,
I know that love can make me fair.

O would that I were purer, Lord,
More fill'd with grace divine;
O, would that I were surer, Lord,
That my whole heart is Thine:
Were it so pure that I might see
Thy beauty, I would grow like Thee.

O would that I could higher, Lord,
Above these senses live;
Each feeling, each desire, Lord,
Could wholly to Thee give.
The love I thus would daily share,
That love alone would make me fair.

Thy goodness and Thy beauty, Lord,
Shall robe and mirror be;
With ornaments of duty, Lord,
I'll deck my soul for Thee;
Till all Thy love beyond compare
Pass into me and make me fair.

Monsell.

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I unto the world.—*Epistle: Gal.* vi.

IF I have only Him,
If He alone is mine,
If e'en beyond the grave His faith
My heart shall not resign;
Of sorrow nought I prove,
Nought feel but glad devotion, joy, and love.

If only He be mine,
All else I gladly leave;
On pilgrim-staff still follow true,
And to my Master cleave;
Let others fondly stray
Along the broad, frequented flowery way.

If I have none but Him,
Joyful to sleep I go:
Ever a sweet restoring stream
His blood for me doth flow,
Whose mild compelling might
All things must soften, and in peace uni

If I have none but Him,
  The universe is mine;
Blest as a child of heaven that views
  The Majesty divine:
Enrapt in sacred thought,
No more by earthly cares am I distraught.

Where only He is mine,
  My father-land I see,
And every boon is on me poured,
  As birthright full and free.
Long sought-for brothers then
In His disciples I behold again.

Hel. Lowe.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.—*Epistle: Ephes.* iii.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My heart to seek her peace in Thee:
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul can see.
Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!

O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care:
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba Father,' cry.

Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he, who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for Thee his constant flame.
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of Thy love!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
'I am Thy love, thy God, thy All,'
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Tersteegen.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.—*Epistle: Ephes.* iv.

BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With Heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe, and pleasant too.

I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.

The wilderness affords no food;
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With Him sweet converse I maintain:
Great as He is, I dare be free:—
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

Some cordial from His word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my Guardian and my Friend.

Newton.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.—*Gospel: Matt.* xxii.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower!
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and Thee alone:
Thee will I love till the pure fire,
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah! why did I so late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to Thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved:
ır wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved:
ıd now, if more at length I see,
*hrough Thy light, and comes from Thee.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind:
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice,
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray:
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way:
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill—satiate, with Thy heavenly light.

Give to my eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God:
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile,—Thy sceptre or Thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

J. Wesley: from the German.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee. And behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth. And Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee? or to say, Arise and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house. —*Gospel: Matt.* ix.

JESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load,
The things impossible to men,
Are possible with God.

Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty:
Shed forth the virtue of Thy name,
And 'Jesus' prove to me.

Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
  Thou wilt victorious prove:
For everlasting strength is Thine,
  And everlasting love.

Thy powerful Spirit can subdue
  Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
  And write Thy law within.

Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
  Yet let me hear Thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
  Shall rise and break through all.

Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy voice,
  The blind their sight receive,
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
  The heart of stone believe.

The Ethiop then shall change his skin,
  The dead shall feel thy power,
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
  And I shall sin no more.

C. Wesley.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God, and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. —*Epistle: Ephes.* v.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints,
For the converse of Thy saints;
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win!
Guide me through a world of sin:
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place:
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart!
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Lyte.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

My brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the Devil, ... Take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.—*Epistle: Ephes.* vi.

THE starry firmanent on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word.
The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.

When, taught by painful proof to know
That all is vanity below,
The sinner roams from comfort far
And looks in vain for sun or star;
Soft gleaming then those lights divine
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
And sweetly to the ravish'd eye
Disclose the day-spring from on high.

The heart, in sensual fetters bound,
And barren as the wintry ground,
Confesses, Lord, Thy quickening ray;
Thy word can charm the spell away;
With genial influence can beguile
The frozen wilderness to smile;
Bid living waters o'er it flow,
And all be Paradise below.

Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
But, fix'd for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Sir R. Grant.

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, (always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy), for your fellowship in the Gospel from the first day until now, being confident of this very thing, that He who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. —*Epistle: Phil.* i.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will He not His help afford?
Help, while yet I ask is given:
God comes down; the God and Lord
Who made both earth and heaven.

Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide.
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in Him, securely rest;
Thy watchman never sleeps.

Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
  Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
  On His all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
  Israel all His care shall prove;
Kept by watchful Providence,
  And ever-waking love.

See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
  Omnipotently near:
Lo! He holds thee by thy hand,
  And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with His wing thy head;
  Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
  The everlasting arms.

Christ shall bless thy going out,
  Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
  Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
  Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
  Henceforth, and evermore.

C. Wesley.

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Epistle: Phil.* iii.

THE sick man in his chamber,
Thro' the long weary night
Toss'd on his restless pillow,
How longs he for the light!

He counts the hours that linger,
Heavy with clouds and rain,
And a great weight of darkness
Lies on his fever'd brain.

He hears the loud clock ticking,
And the owl hoot afar;
While glimmers the pale night-light
And fades the midnight star;

Till eastward in the heaven
He sees, at last, the sign,
O'er the far purple mountain
A single silver line.

It broadens, and it deepens,
To a sea of red and gold,
With clouds of rosy amber
Around its glory rolled.

Till each pane of his window
Is silvered o'er and o'er,
And lines of golden arrows
Lie on the dusky floor.

The sick soul lieth weary
In the world's soft unrest,
With clouds of care and sorrow,
And weight of sins oppress.

Out of the night she crieth,
Out of the narrow room:—
'O Saviour, gracious Saviour,
Wilt Thou not pierce the gloom?

'Break on this night of longing,
Where hand in hand we grope,
Thro' wastes of vain endeavour,
'Neath stars of fruitless hope.

'Oer the great hills of sadness
That hem us darkly in,
Rough with our tears and losses
And black with many a sin.

'Rise, rise above the mountains,
With healing on Thy wings,
Break, break into the chambers
Where pain in secret stings.

'Come, while the morning tarries,
Our waiting eyes to bless,
Look thro' the lowly lattice
Bright Sun of Righteousness!

'Set, for the hearts that love Thee,
Thy token up above;
The white rays of redemption,
And the red fire of love.

'Out of our gloom we call Thee,
Out of our helpless night:
Sun of the world—sweet Saviour!
Show us Thy perfect light!'

C. F. Alexander.

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

And behold, a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind Him and touched the hem of His garment, for she said within herself, If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole. And Jesus turned Him about, and when He saw her, he said, Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour.—*Gospel: Matt.* ix.

JESU, name all names above,
Jesu, best and dearest!
Jesu, fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
Jesu, source of grace completest,
Jesu purest, Jesu sweetest,
Jesu, well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!

Jesu, open me the gate,
That of old He entered,
Who, in that most lost estate,
Wholly on Thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise,
To a home in Paradise.

Thou didst call the Prodigal,
  Thou didst pardon Mary;
Thou, whose words can never fall,
  Love can never vary:
Lord, to heal my lost condition,
Give—for Thou canst give—contrition:
    Thou canst pardon all mine ill
    If Thou wilt:—O say, 'I will.'

Woe, that I have turned aside
  After earthly pleasure!
Woe, that I have never tried
  For the heavenly treasure!
Treasure, safe in Home supernal;
Incorruptible, eternal!
    Treasure no less price hath won,
    Than the passion of the Son!

Jesu, crown'd with thorns for me,
  Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
  That Thy good confession!
Jesu, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment;
    Let not all thy woe and pain,
    Let not Calvary, be in vain.

When I reach Death's fearful sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me,
As the storm draws nigher:
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish!
Tell me, 'Verily I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day!'

Neale: from the Greek.

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign, and prosper, and shall execute judgement and justice in the earth. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is His name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.—*Epistle: Jer.* xxiii.

INFINITE source whence all did spring;
Thou of all things the Head and Lord;
Thou mighty and eternal King,
Who art in heaven and earth adored:
Thou whom the heavens cannot contain,
Didst deign to leave Thy throne above,
To be an infant poor and mean!
O mystery deep! O boundless love!

The cause of this, I know it well,
Was Thy great love, and my great woe;
I was an heir of death and hell,
This prompted Thee to stoop so low;
My misery moved the God of grace,
Who in the Father's bosom lay,
When the due time had taken place,
His deep compassion to display.

What offering shall I bring to Thee,
  Immanuel, my King and God?
Thou didst vouchsafe a man to be,
  To save me by Thy precious blood;
Thou at whose birth the angels sing
  Peace upon earth, good-will to men;
To whom the sages humbly bring
  Their gifts, though Thou appear so mean.

This will I do, Thou child Divine!
  I'll give Thee that for which Thou cam'st,
My soul and body, Lord, are Thine,
  And them in love to me Thou claim'st;
My humble sacrifice receive,
  Lord Jesus, born to bleed for me,
That I by faith in Thee might live,
  And with Thee live eternally.

From the German.

St. Andrew's Day.

Almighty God, who didst give such grace to Thy holy Apostle St. Andrew, that he readily obeyed the calling of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed Him without delay: Grant unto us, that we being called by Thy Holy Word, may forthwith give up ourselves obediently to fulfil Thy holy commandments, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. —*Collect.*

And they straightway left their nets and followed Him. —*Gospel: Matt.* iv. 18.

POOR child of sin and woe,
Now listen to thy Father's pleading voice;
No longer needst thou go
Without a friend to bid thy heart rejoice.

I know thou canst not rest,
Until thou art from guilt and sorrow free;
Earth cannot make thee blest;
Come, bring thy suffering, bleeding heart to me.

How often, in the hour
Of weariness, would I have succoured thee!
But thou didst spurn the power,
And scorn the Heart, that loved so tenderly.

Oh, what on earth appears
To comfort thy distress and heal thy grief,
To dry thy bitter tears,
And offer thy poor sinking soul relief?

Thy life of sin has been
A toilsome path, without one cheering ray;
Now on thy Father lean,
And He will guide thee in a better way.

Come, leave the desert land,
And all the husks on which thy soul has fed;
And trust the faithful hand
That offers thee a feast of living bread.

O sinner, 'tis the voice
Of One who long has loved and pitied thee!
He would thy heart rejoice,
And set thee from all sin and suffering free.

Oh, canst thou turn away?
It is thy Father that invites thee near!
Nay, sinner, weep and pray!
And heaven shall hail the penitential tear.

Eliza F. Morris.

St. Thomas the Apostle.

Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—*Gospel: John* xx.

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home,
In that despised Nazareth,
But we believe thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God;

We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild blaspheming crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive! they know not what they do:'
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way:
But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living 'mongst the dead?'

We were not with the chosen few,
  Who saw Thee through the clouds ascend,
Nor raised to heaven our wondering view,
  Nor to the earth did prostrate bend:
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
  And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
  Doth shine upon our wilderness;
Yet we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear My Name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel; for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake.— *Epistle: Acts* ix.

WHITHER, Saul, this raging sense
In thy bosom burning!
On defenceless innocence
All thy fury turning?
Other than thou hast in mind,
An avenger shalt thou find.

Christ is now at hand, behold,
Who His power defieth?
Where is now pursuer bold?
On the earth he lieth:
And Christ's armed foe e'en now
Shall as Christ's meek herald go.

He, who, fill'd with threat'nings, sped,
Chains and death preparing,
By a gentle hand is led,
With a child-like bearing;
Like a raging wolf he came,
But he goes a gentle lamb.

Lord, men's hearts in sternest mood
  Open lie before Thee;
He who in thy children's blood
  Would blot out Thy glory,
With his blood shall it rehearse
Through the boundless universe.

Praise the Father, by whose might
  Life to us is given;
And the Son, by whose blest light
  We are born to heaven:
And the Spirit, by whose breath
We are saved from endless death.

From the Latin.

The Presentation of Christ in the Temple,

COMMONLY CALLED

The Purification of the Virgin Mary.

The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.—*Epistle: Mal.* iii.

JERUSALEM, why are thy voices dumb?
Where, sons of Jacob, are your notes of glee?
Behold! the Lord God, whom ye seek, doth come
To-day unto His temple suddenly.

Where stand the Levite bands their King to greet?
What waiting guards attend upon His state?
One lowly virgin beareth up the street
Her first-born Son unto thy temple gate.

Her forty days of loneliness are o'er;
What present doth the virgin mother bring?
The two young pigeons from her scanty store,
And Him, the full, sufficient offering.

Haply, to-day, with pomp and proffered gold,
  Young noble mothers sought the holy dome,
Paid the full price that Moses bade of old,
  And bore their ransomed treasures proudly home;

But not for them the prophet's eye, grown dim
  With watchful years, lit up in ecstacy;
Nor aged Anna looked in them for Him
  Whom she had served so long, so patiently.

And when resistless broke the glowing word,
  'Now let thy servant die, my work is done;
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Lord;'
  The prophet looked upon the Virgin's Son.

He was the perfect sacrifice, foreshewn
  By shadowy type of old, and symbol high;
The first-born of unnumbered sons, alone
  In Him accepted, and in Him brought nigh.

No treasured gold shall buy him back again,
  Self-offered gift to shrive a whole world's sin;
Open thy gates, the Victim and His train
  Draw near; the Virgin bears her First-born in.

C. F. H.

St. Matthias.

O Almighty God, who into the place of the traitor Judas didst choose thy faithful servant Matthias to be of the number of the twelve Apostles;—Grant that Thy church, being alway preserved from false Apostles, may be ordered and guided by faithful and true pastors, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

HY, when our thoughts would turn to thee,
O chosen saint, apostle dear,
Why mingles with the memory
A feeling strange of awful fear?

Because, remembrance of his doom
Who lost his place by foulest sin,
Across the trembling heart will come,
Till the scared spirit shrinks within.

Thus men have watched the morning light
Break calm along the wild sea-shore,
Yet thought upon the fearful night
Of storms and wrecks that went before.

So, conscious of our own hearts' stains,
The weak, bad thoughts that in us dwell,
We think of mercy spent in vain,
On the high place from which he fell.

Oh, who shall boast the name he bears,
His privilege of service high,
The saintly commune that he shares,
While still temptation watches nigh?

When one of Christ's own twelve on earth
Foreswore his faith, betrayed his trust,
And gave what whole worlds were not worth,
For some few grains of silver dust;—

How should we watch our hearts, and mark
The first small covetous desire,
And quench the little growing spark
That else may kindle endless fire!

Yet still thy name shall hope renew,
Who filled so well the traitor's place,
Thy faith held on, firm, constant, true;—
We too in Christ have strength and grace.

C. F. H.

The Annunciation.

And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail! thou that art highly favoured: the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.—*Gospel: Luke* i.

AS it nigh the fount at even,
In the palm-tree's spreading shade,
That the messenger of heaven
Met the highly-favoured maid?

Was she to her tasks attending,
Mindful of each homely care?
Or in grot, or chamber bending,
Pouring out her heart in prayer?

Wherefore ask? in service lowly
As in prayer, the virgin mind,
To the Lord devoted wholly,
Doth alike His presence find.

Joy and peace shall never fail her,
Walking in the light of heaven,
Marvel not if angels hail her
Unto whom such grace is given.

Maiden, well thou know'st the story,
How the blessed Babe was born,
How that Virgin's crown of glory
May no other brow adorn.

But His handmaid still He sealeth,
Sends his angels e'en to thee,
Only say thou, when He speaketh,
'Let Thy word be done in me.'

The Child's Christian Year.

St. Mark.

O Almighty God, who hast instructed Thy Holy Church with the heavenly doctrine of Thy Evangelist Saint Mark; Give us grace, that, being not like children carried away with every blast of vain doctrine, we may be established in the truth of Thy holy Gospel; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

JESU, the heart's own sweetness, and true light
Thou art the secret Fountain that o'erflows
The weary soul, surpassing all delight,
In whom each anxious longing finds repose.

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy kindly ray
Enlighten our dark spirits, at Whose birth
Dark shades shall flee the opening eye of day,
And sweetness shall revive the drooping earth.

When Thou the heart dost visit, all things seem
Made new; Truth shines in her unclouded form,
Emerging from the world as from a dream;
And Love, her face beholding, waxeth warm.

Good Jesus, while time's scroll I still unfold,
Do Thou to me Thy love make manifest,
That I, mid clouds that wrap me, may behold
Thine everlasting glory, and find rest.

He whom Thy love makes glad as with new wine,
He knows that knowledge which is from above;
Full blest is he; That fulness is Divine,
And there is nothing else that he can love.

Thou art the Fount of pity; as it flows
All drink of Thine abundance infinite:
Thou art the only Sun Thy country knows;
Scatter the clouds, and shew us Thy true light.

Williams: from the Latin.

St. Philip and St. James.

O Almighty God, whom truly to know is everlasting life; Grant us perfectly to know Thy Son Jesus Christ to be the way, the truth, and the life; that, following the steps of Thy holy Apostles, Saint Philip and Saint James, we may stedfastly walk in the way that leadeth to eternal life; through the same Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

TO know the Christ of God,
The everlasting Son;
To know what He on earth
For guilty man has done;—
This is the first and last
Of all that's true and wise;
The circle that contains all light
Beneath, above, the skies.
Father, unseal my eyes,
Unveil my veiled heart,
Reveal this Christ to me!

The Christ, the Incarnate Son,
The Christ, the eternal Word;
The Christ, heaven's glorious King,
The Christ, earth's coming Lord.

The Christ, the sum of all
  Jehovah's power and grace,
God's treasure-house of truth and love,
  The brightness of His face.
    Father, unseal my eyes,
    Unveil my veiled heart;
      Reveal this Christ to me!

The Christ who took man's flesh;
  Who lived man's life below;
Who died man's death for man,—
  The death of shame and woe;
The Christ who from the Cross
  Descended to man's grave,
Then rose in victory and joy
  Mighty to bless and save!
    Father, unseal my eyes,
    Unveil my veiled heart
      Reveal this Christ to me.

Bonar.

St. Barnabas.

O Lord God Almighty, who didst endue Thy holy Apostle Barnabas with singular gifts of the Holy Ghost; Leave us not, we beseech Thee, destitute of Thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace to use them alway to Thy honour and glory: through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

Tidings of these things came unto the ears of the Church which was in Jerusalem; and they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch. Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad: and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord.—*Epistle: Acts* xi.

BY Lystra's wall the ready priest awaits
With the wreathed oxen crowned for sacrifice;
The people hasten to the city gates,
Rending the quiet air with eager cries,
As wild they press around those two meek men,
Shouting, 'The gods, the gods, are come to earth again!'

Was it because the cripple in the street
Rose up and walked at sound of that high Name?
Or for the words all eloquent and sweet,
That from the lips of one so richly came?
Or for kind looks that filled the other's eye,
Of pitying love benign, and gentle sympathy?

What say the honoured twain? Their clothes are
torn,
Their voice is loud—'Alas! what would ye do,
People of Lystra? We are mortal born,
Men who like fears, like passions, have with you;
We bid you turn from these dead vanities,
And serve the Living GOD, who made the earth and
skies.'

Then first God's praise o'er Lycaonian vale
Arose, and Lystra's wondering sons adored.
We too this day, recalling the old tale,
Find hope and pleasure, pondering their word;
Thinking how men, as poor and weak as we,
Fought the good fight of faith, and won the victory.

Yea, still the 'Son of Consolation' brings
A comfort to our hearts, while here we stray,
With strife of inward sin, and outward things,
Tempted and frightened from the narrow way;
God's saints have trod the same rough path before,
Had passions like to ours, and pains and perils more.

Nor only solace draw we from the theme;
His holy life hath many a lesson meet;
How little he did worldly wealth esteem,
Who laid his all at the apostle's feet!
How earthly honour grieved his lowliness!
How full his heart of grace, and love, and gentlene-

Like scented airs, from some far garden brought
  Perchance across the traveller's weary track ;
Example, comfort, counsel, holy thought,
  Come, as our memories fondly wander back
To that old saint ; and higher lead us still,
Unto 'The King of Saints' upon His heavenly hill.

C. F. H.

St. John Baptist.

And thou, child, shall be called the Prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His way; to give knowledge of salvation unto His people, by the remission of their sins.—*Gospel: Luke* i.

LO! the desert depths are stirred,
And the reeds of Jordan quiver;
At the Baptist's herald-word
Shake the shores of that old river.

Nearer comes the Preacher's cry,
Deeper sounds his voice and deeper,
Telling that the Christ is nigh
In a tone to rouse the sleeper.

By their Maker's coming feet
Moved the earth, the air, the ocean,
Joyously His advent greet
With a strangely yearning motion.

Cleanse the heart—a highway strew
For the Godhead hither faring;
Cleanse the home—a dwelling, due
To the mighty Guest, preparing.

Jesu, Thou our solace art,
  Thou our strength and our salvation;
Withered grass, from Thee apart,
  Fades away man's feeble nation.

Lift the lost with hand of health
  Whom the plague is fast consuming;
Lift the veil—in all its wealth
  Lo! the beauteous world is blooming.

Thou, who comest men to free,
  Son, be Thine all praise for ever;
Thine, with Sire and Spirit be
  Laud through ages ending never. Amen.

From the Latin.

St Peter's Day.

Peter, therefore, was kept in prison; but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals: and so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision.—*Epistle: Acts* xii.

I.

WHERE the prison-bars surround him,
In his chains shall Peter dwell;
Where the sentinel hath bound him,
Pacing by his gloomy cell?
What shall avail
Prison, chains, or sentinel?

Lo! a light, from heaven descending,
Glimmers, like a beauteous star;
An angel o'er the saint is bending,
And the wing'd night is fled afar:
His chains are burst,
Open is the massy bar.

Where the heavenly guide is leading,
Peter follows, firm and bold;
All as in a dream proceeding
Through the portals dark and cold:
And now, amazed,
Doth the Almighty's hand behold.

We in prison-chains are sleeping,
Chains of sin which angels see;
Deepest night our soul is steeping;
Christ, our light, our liberty,
Break Thou our chains!
Lighten us, and make us free.

Highest praise to Thee, the Highest,
Infinite, dread Trinity;
Who, awhile our spirits tryest,
Fitting them to dwell with Thee,
Thee adoring,
Everlasting, Holy Three.

From the Latin.

II.

WHAT thoughts were thine when Jesus spoke
The sentence of thy doom?—
Long, weary, painful years below;
And then, a martyr's tomb!

No transient, brilliant hour of toil,
To thy warm heart was given;
No ardent, fearless, zealous race,—
Morn, noontide, and then heaven!

Yet sweetly sounded all the words
Thy Master spake to thee;
The pastoral charge, the death of pain,
The gentle 'Follow me!'

Perchance, slight tremors o'er thy frame
Woke at the boding sound;
If so, they quickly passed away,
And calm, and peace profound

Broke o'er thy soul like summer night:
Methinks I hear thee say,
'My Saviour, I will follow Thee
In Thine appointed way.

'Didst Thou not call me to be Thine?
Didst Thou not hear and save,
When, sinking in the sea, I trod
The portals of the grave?

'And oh! that dark and fearful morn,
When perjury was mine!
When faith was lost—can I forget
That pitying look of Thine?

'"Lovest thou me?" thrice hast Thou said,
Well didst Thou ask me so:
Since three times I my Lord denied,
In that dread hour of woe.

'Do I not love Thee, Saviour? See!
Thou knowest that I love;
And hold Thee in my heart of hearts
All other joys above.

'Do I not love Thee? Time shall prove
How deeply, and how well;
I am content, for Thy dear sake,
In grief and bonds to dwell.

'I am content to do Thy will;
O bless me ere I go;
Forgive the past, and let my soul
With love to Thee o'erflow.

'Through life to feed and tend the flock
Shall be my happy care;
And sweet communion may I hold
With Thee in praise and prayer.

'And in the last dread agony
Wilt Thou not stand beside,
And whisper, while the pulses fail,
"'Twas thus for thee I died."

'To me, the recreant, faithless one,
A martyr's palm is given;
A life of suffering on earth,
Then rest with Thee in heaven?'

Sacred Year.

St. James.

Grant, O merciful God, that as Thine holy Apostle Saint James, leaving his father and all that he had, without delay was obedient unto the calling of thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed Him; so we, forsaking all worldly and carnal affections, may be evermore ready to follow Thy holy commandments; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword.—*Epistle: Acts* xii.

I.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr, first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!

Heber.

II.

Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God.
Lo! the pain of life is past,
And his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

Yes! the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife,
Fought the fight, the crown is won,
Death is swallow'd up of life:
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth his spirit flies
To the Lord he loved, and sings
Triumphing in Paradise.

Join we then, with one accord,
In the new and joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord,
We shall not continue long.
We shall quit the house of clay,
Better joys with him to share;
We shall see the realms of day,
We shall meet our brother there.

St. Bartholomew.

Jesus said unto them, The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger, and he that is chief, as he that doth serve. For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am among you as he that serveth.—*Gospel: Luke* xxii.

HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand:

With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.

Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord,
  Thus ever Thine alone;
My soul and body given to Thee,
  The purchase Thou hast won.
Through evil and through good report
  Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
  Let Christ be magnified.

How happily the working days
  In Thy dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
  The time of rest, draws nigh!
When all the faithful gather home,
  A joyful company
And ever where the Master is,
  Shall His bless'd servants be.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

St Matthew.

And when Jesus passed forth from thence he saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom: and He saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed Him. And it came to pass, as Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many Publicans and sinners came, and sat down with Him and His disciples. And when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto His disciples, Why eateth your Master with Publicans and sinners: But when Jesus heard that, He said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—*Gospel: Matt.* ix.

'LEAVE all and follow me!'
Thy Master calleth thee
From out the skies;
This earth is not thy rest,
These joys are not the best,
Therefore arise,

And cast away the dross,
And meekly bear the cross
While here on earth:
This world's alluring gold,
The spoils thine eyes behold
Are little worth!

They make them wings and fly,
They are but vanity;
And even love,
That fairest, purest flower,
That grows in earthly bower,
Springs from above;

And thence it must return,
Although the fond heart yearn
To clasp and bind,
With life-long links, the tie,
That holds mortality
In bonds confined.

With sweet affection's chain,
The loving spirit fain
Would aye be bound.
It may not,—cannot be—
Yet in eternity
Full and profound

Shall be the love that here
Oft glistened through a tear;
And friends shall meet
From frailties purified;
Shall sit down side by side
In converse sweet.

My soul, hear Jesu's voice—
Thy portion and thy choice
O let Him be.
When idols are but clay,
He draweth near, to say
'Come, follow me!'

My Saviour, I will come,
And make my lasting home
On Thy dear breast;
My fetters, Lord, unbind;
In Thee I now would find
My joy, my rest.

Draw me, O Lord, for I
Am weak, and round me lie
Ten thousand snares:
To Thee, the Good and Wise,
My new-born hopes arise,
Accept my prayers.

Thou, for our sins didst take
A mortal form, and make
Thy home below:
Like to a glorious stream
Let Thy bless'd Spirit's beam
Around me flow.

No merit can I own,
But by Thy grace alone
Oh, pardon me!
My all I will resign,
If I may call Thee mine
Eternally.

My Saviour, lead the way,
Let light and love each day
To me be given;
Through all things guide Thou me,
So shall I follow Thee
From earth to Heaven.

Sacred Year.

St. Michael and all Angels.

O everlasting God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order; Mercifully grant, that as Thy holy Angels alway do Thee service in heaven, so by Thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Collect.*

WITHIN the silent room,
Unseen they stand around,
In darkest days of gloom
And agony profound,
Those ministering spirits watch and wait,
Swift travellers to and from the eternal gate.

In the long hours of night,
When all is drear and still;
When the red planet's light
Is on the lonely hill;
And the blue heaven is rich with starry beams,
And all the world is hushed in sleep and dreams:

Then come, with noiseless wings,
God's angels to this earth,
To guard till day-break springs,
The sons of second birth;

Though all the powers of darkness gather round
They dare not tread the saint's encircled ground.

Through dangers of the day,
  Perils by sea and land,
God sendeth them to stay
  And watch His chosen band:
We cannot tell how oft may intervene
The angelic sword 'twixt us and danger's scene.

The shade that haunts the tomb
  Where cypress branches weep,
Where flowers in bud or bloom
  Were laid to rest or sleep!
There mourners grieve o'er what was once their own,
And think themselves by that cold grave alone.

Not so! but had we grace
  One hour to raise the veil,
And see them, face to face,
  Borne on the whispering gale;
Those glorious heralds of the King of kings,
With eyes of fire, and bright expanded wings,

Would not our gaze grow dim
  With joy, and awe, and tears,
While the seraphic hymn
  Was sounded in our ears,
And the full music of the golden lyres
Echoed One Holy Name on all their wires?

The deep, damp dungeon cell,
That hides the martyr's head;
The cave in savage dell
Whence he from chains has fled;
Had they but tongues, might tell us many a tale,
Of angels bending o'er those brows so pale.

With adamantine wall
They fence God's own elect;
No evil can befal
Whom they through Him protect;
Why should we fear, e'en in a world like this,
When angels quit for us their bowers of bliss?

And by the couch of death
They wait till God has given
Sign to the weary breath
To pass from earth to heaven;
And then, with joy unspeakable, they bear,
The parted soul to greet its Saviour there!

Lord of the Church, we pray,
Thy followers defend;
Keep them, by night and day,
In safety to the end;
Send Thine angelic servants from above
To guard their footsteps while through life they rove.

The Sacred Year.

St. Luke.

Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me, for Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica, Crescens to Galatia, Titus to Dalmatia. Only Luke is with me.—*Epistle: 2 Tim.* iv.

THE stream was deeper than I thought
When first I ventured near;
I stood upon its sloping edge
Without a rising fear.

It woke in ripples at my feet,
As the quick breeze swept by,
And caught the sunlight on its face,
Like blossoms from the sky..

It sung its quiet May-day song
To its old summer tune,
And the light willow-boughs above
Shook to the glowing noon.

It seemed to stop: then eddied on:
It smiled up to the day:
It deepened; then spread out its waves,
And stole in light away.

O streams of earthly love and joy,
On whose green banks we dwell,
Gleaming in beauty to the eye,
Ye promise fair and well!

Ye charm the sunbeams from the air,
The fragrance from the flowers,
The blossoms from the budding tree,
The wealth of summer hours.

Ye bid us come and take them all
From your enchanted blue:
Ye tell us but to stoop and taste,
The joy, and scent, and hue.

Ye lure us, and we venture in,
Cheated by sun and smiles;
Ye tempt us, and we brave your depths,
Won by your winning wiles.

Too deep and strong for us;—we glide
Down your deceiving wave;
Like men by siren song beguiled,
On to a siren grave.

O world, with all thy smiles and loves
With all thy song and wine,
What mockery of human hearts,
What treachery is thine!

Thou woundest, but thou canst not heal,
  Thy words are warbled lies;
Thy hand contains the poisoned cup,
  And he who drinks it, dies.

O world, there's fever in thy touch,
  And frenzy in thine eye;
To lose and shun thee is to live,
  To win thee is to die.

Bonar.

St. Simon and St. Jude.

Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and to exhort you, that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.—*Epistle: Jude* i.

THE Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armour of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the Gospel shod:

In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness, a breast-plate meet;
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

He wrestles not with flesh and blood,
But principalities and powers,
Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
Nigh, and assailing at all hours.

Nor Satan's fiery darts alone,
Quenched on his shield, at him are hurled;
The traitor in his heart is known,
And the dire friendship of this world.

Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless, to foil his legion-foes,
The trustiest weapon were 'all prayer.'

With this, Omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee,
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ who gives him victory.

Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down,
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

Montgomery.

All Saints.

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.—*Epistle: Rev.* vii.

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord to Thee.
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand
Cloth'd in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

Patriarch and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ;
King, apostle, saint, and martyr,
Confessor, evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood;
Washed them in the blood of Jesus,
Tried they were and firm they stood:
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword;
They have conquered death and Satan,
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed following
Thee the Captain of Salvation,
Thee their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died:
And by death to Life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

God of God, the one-begotten,
Light of life, Emmanuel,
In whose body join'd together,
All the saints together dwell,

Pour upon us, of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Holy Ghost adore.

The Holy Year.

Sabbath Morning.

WHeart wakes with a joyful lay:
There is a blessing on this day;
And many voices call abroad,
'O come and seek the House of God!'

To-day, when He will speak to thee,
Within His courts a waiter be;
To-day, thy busy hands be still,
And let Him work His blessed will.

God keeps an open house to-day;
The bread of life He gives away,
Each hungering soul He satisfies,
And he who eateth never dies.

To-day, the Sower broadcast sows
His precious seed where'er He goes;
And where prepared hearts are found,
Like precious fruit will soon abound.

To day, the faithful Shepherd leads
His little flock through flowery meads;
To quiet resting-places brings,
Green pastures, and fresh water-springs.

To day the great Physician comes,
Still nearer to our hearts and homes,
With loving counsel, and relief
For every wound, and pain, and grief.

A blessing rests upon this day:
My heart wakes with a joyful lay,
And gladly sounds the call abroad,
'O come, and seek the House of God!'

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

Evening.

HRIST my Lord, I come to bless Thee,
Now when day is veiled in night:
Thou who knowest no beginning,
Light of the Eternal light.

Thou the darkness hast dissolved,
And the outward light created,
That all things in light might be;
Fixing the unfixed chaos,
Moulding it to wondrous beauty,
Into the fair world we see.

Thou enlightenest man with reason,
Far beyond the creatures dumb,
That, light in Thy light beholding,
Wholly light he might become.

Thou hast set the radiant heavens
With thy many lamps of brightness,
Filling all the vaults above,
Day and night in turn subjecting
To a brotherhood of service,
And a mutual law of love.

By the night our wearied nature
  Resting from its toil and tears;
To the works, Lord, that thou lovest,
  Waking us when day appears.

Gregory Naz.
Voice of Chr. Life in Song.

Holy Communion.

I.

HE cometh, on yon hallowed Board
The ready Feast doth duly show,
Where wait the chalice and the bread,
Like gems within their veil of snow.

He cometh, as He came of old,
Suddenly to His Father's shrine,
Into the hearts He died to make
Meet temples for His grace Divine.

He cometh, as the Bridegroom comes,
Unto the Feast Himself has spread;
His flesh and blood the heavenly food
Wherewith the wedding-guests are fed.

He cometh, gentle as the dew,
And sweet as drops of honey clear,
And good as God's own manna shower,
To longing souls that meet Him there.

He cometh,—let not one withdraw,
  Nor fear to bring repented sin;
There's blood to wash, there's bread to feed,
  And Christ Himself to enter in.

He cometh,—praises in the Church,
  And hymns of praise in Heaven above,
And in our hearts repentant faith,
  And love that springs to meet His love.

II.

O JESUS, bruised and wounded more
  Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat;
The life of life within our souls,
  The cup of our Salvation sweet:

We come to show Thy dying hour,
  Thy streaming vein, Thy broken flesh,
And still the blood is warm to save,
  And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

O Heart that, with a double tide
  Of blood and water, maketh pure;
O Flesh once offered on the cross,
  The gift that makes our pardon sure:

Let never more our sinful souls
  The anguish of Thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
  That pierced Thy victim body through.

Come, Bread of heaven, to feed our souls,
And with Thee Jesus enter in:
Come, wine of God, and as we drink
His precious blood, wash out our sin.

C. F. Alexander.

III.

JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good;
To them that find Thee, All in All!

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

Ray Palmer: from S. Bernard.

IV.

No Gospel like this Feast,
Spread for Thy Church by Thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

All our Redemption cost,
All our Redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost—
All it cost Thee, the Son;—

Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given;
Thine was the Blood of Sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of Heaven.

For Thee, the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the side transpierced;
To us, the Bread of Life.

To Thee, our curse and doom
Wrapt round Thee with our sin;
The horror of that mid-day gloom,
The deeper night within.

To us, Thy home in light,
Thy 'Come, ye blessed, come!'
Thy bridal raiment pure and white,
Thy Father's welcome home.

Here we would rest mid-way,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day,
Meeting before our sight;

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God:

Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see—
Still at the Cross, as at the Feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee!

Author of 'Three Wakings.'

Holy Baptism.

BLESSED Redeemer, in Thy side,
Upon the cross was made a wound,
The fount, in which we're purified,
Wherein our sin and guilt are drowned.

Water and blood in streams ran thence,
And on the earth were freely spilt;
Water, to sanctify and cleanse;
Blood, to atone for heinous guilt.

This wondrous grace to keep in view,
Baptismal waters were designed,
In which Thou, Lord, wast buried too,
To Thy great Father's will resigned.

Thus penitents, who die to sin,
With Thee are buried in Thy grave;
Thus, quickened to a life divine,
Their souls a resurrection have.

And though their bodies turn to dust,
This holy symbol doth assure,
The resurrection of the just
Shall render them both bright and pure.

From the German.

Confirmation.

I.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One;
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Gracious Lord of earth and heaven.

If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel:
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new!

Now, O God, Thine own I am,
Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone,
Thine I live! Thrice happy I!
Happier still, if Thine I die.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

C. Wesley.

II.

A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim, restless as the sun;
Behold the Christian's life.

Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus, stand!
Pilgrim of Christ, with ready feet,
Await thy Lord's command.

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil,
How can thy warfare close?
Lonely, thou tread'st a foreign soil,
How canst thou hope repose?

Seek, soldier, pilgrim, seek thine home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land, whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more.

Where grief shall never wound, nor death
Disturb the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane.

The land where (suns and moons unknown
And night's alternate sway),
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day.

The land (for heaven its bliss unseen
Bids earthly types suggest),
Where healing leaves and fadeless green
Fruit-laden groves invest.

Where founts of life their treasures yield
In streams that never cease;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace.

Where they who meet shall never part,
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

Gisborne.

Marriage.

HAPPY home ! where Thou art loved the best,
Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcom'd, honor'd guest,
Where none can fill Thy place :
Where every heart goes forth to meet thee ;
Where every ear attends Thy word ;
Where every lip in blessing greets Thee,
Where all are waiting on their Lord.

O happy home ! where two are one in heart,
In faith and hope are one,
Whom death can only for a little part,—
Not end the union here begun :
Who share together one salvation ;
Who would be with Thee, Lord, always,
In gladness or in tribulation,
In happy, or in evil, days.

O happy home ! where little ones are given
Early to Thee in faith and prayer ;
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven,
Guards them with more than mother's care.

Where, morn and night, the infant voices,
  Their glad hosannas love to raise;
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
  To find new songs of love and praise.

O happy home! where Thou art ne'er forgot,
  Where joy is flowing, full and free;
Where each day's grief and wound is quickly brought,
  Physician, Comforter, to Thee:
Until, at last, earth's day-work ended,
  All meet Thee in that home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
  Thy heaven of glory and of love.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

Ordination.

HIGH thoughts at first, and visions high
Are ours of easy victory;
The word we bear seems so divine,
So framed for Adam's guilty line,
That none, unto ourselves we say,
Of all his sinning, suffering race,
Will hear that word, so full of grace,
And coldly turn away.

But soon a sadder mood comes round;
High hopes have fallen to the ground,
And the ambassadors of peace
Go weeping that men will not cease
To strive with heaven,—they inly mourn,
That suffering men will not be blest,
That weary men refuse to rest,
And wanderers to return.

Well is it, if has not ensued
Another, yet unworthier mood,
When all unfaithful thoughts have way,
When we hang down our hands, and say,

'Alas! it is a weary pain,
To seek with toil and fruitless strife
To chase the numbed limbs into life,
That will not live again.'

Then, if spring odours on the wind
Float by, they bring into the mind,
That it were wiser done, to give
Our hearts to nature, and to live
For her;—or in the student's bower
To search into her hidden things,
And seek in books the wondrous springs
Of knowledge and of power.

Or if we dare not thus draw back,
Yet oh! to shun the crowded track
And the rude throng of men!—to dwell
In hermitage or lonely cell,
Feeding all longings that aspire
Like incense heavenward, and with care
And lonely vigil nursing there
Faith's solitary pyre.

Oh! let us not this thought allow,—
The heat, the dust upon our brow,
Signs of the contest, we may wear:
Yet thus we shall appear more fair
In our Almighty Master's eye,
Than if in fear to lose the bloom,
Or ruffle the soul's lightest plume,
We from the strife should fly.

And for the rest, in weariness,
In disappointment, or distress,
When strength decays, or hope grows dim,
We ever may recur to Him,
  Who has the golden oil divine,
Wherewith to feed our failing urns,
Who watches every lamp that burns,
  Before His sacred shrine.

Trench.

Life.

I.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others reach thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do, or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set the gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
Take them; lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. Procter.

II.

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love, the root of every grace,
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place,
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn, in this vale of tears,
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
I love again and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of His death ; upon the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad yet healing rays,
Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Thoughts of His coming ; for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray ;
The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee :
Oh ! what a sunrise will that advent be.

Thus, while I journey on my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Visitation and Communion of the Sick.

I.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share;
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short,—oh! why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by His door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Baxter

II.

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was thine;
Thy will be done!

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father!—still I'll strive to say,
Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I'll leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day:
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

Charlotte Elliott.

III.

LEANING on Thee, my Guide and Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with heat;
Thy will has now become my own,
That will is sweet.

Leaning on Thee, 'midst torturing pain,
With patience Thou my soul dost fill;
Thou whisperest, 'What did I sustain?'
Then I am still.

Leaning on Thee, I do not dread,
The havoc that disease may make;
Thou who for me Thy blood hast shed
Wilt ne'er forsake.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
'Be of good cheer.'

Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
Feeling 'the everlasting arms,'
I cannot sink.

Burial of the Dead.

I.

NCE the sentence justly sounded,
'Thou shalt die!' in accents dread,
To the erring sheep, who wandered
In forbidden paths to tread;
But how awfully it lighted
On the Saviour's sinless head!

And since He endured that anguish,
Bore those sorrows, deep and vast,
For His people, death is altered,
All its bitterness is past;
As they journey where He leads them,
'Tis a step, and that the last.

So from time to time the Master
Calleth home His servants still,
One by one, the many mansions
In His Father's house to fill.
Shall we dare His love to question,
Or dispute His sovereign will?

Go in peace, beloved brother!
At the call of Jesus go,
To behold Him in His beauty,
All His love and grace to know.
Thou departest,—we must linger
In the land of sin and woe.

Rest in peace, the rest is pleasant,
When our toil and strife are o'er;
All the sweeter for the conflict
Or the weariness before;
Thou hast laboured long and nobly,
Thou shalt rest for evermore!

While thy memory we cherish,
Ever honoured, ever dear,
Till we meet again, when Jesus
Shall have banished every tear,
And with rapture, re-united,
All thy tale of glory hear.

Zinzendorff: from
Hymns from the Land of Luther.

II.

The Apostle slept, a light shone in the prison,
An angel touched his side,—
'Arise,' he said,—and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered hands untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In nature's passing strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes,
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations, and from life's distresses,
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight;
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,
It now is far from them;
For it has reached the city of the saintly,
The new Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple,
  The funeral bells toll slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
  Are passing to and fro;

And saying as they meet, 'Rejoice! another
  Long waited for, is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother,
  Hath reached the Father's home.'

J. W. Burns.

Farewell.

THOU art free from pain, and sorrow
Like a cloud from thee hath passed;
And the day that knows no morrow,
Hath arisen on thee at last.
The fair seal of life for ever,
Glitters clear upon thy brow;
And the sound of the dark river,
Hath no terror for thee now.

Sore we wept when we were taking
Our long farewell look at thee;
But around thee light was breaking,
Which no eye but thine might see:
On thine ear a voice was falling,
Which to our ear might not come;
'Twas the voice of Jesus calling,
His beloved to her home!

In the snow-white linen vested,
Thou art sitting at the feast,
And thy head is sweetly rested,
On the Saviour's loving breast.

Thou hast heard the saints all singing,
  Thou hast also waved the palm,
While the golden harps were ringing,
  In the pauses of the psalm.

Thou hast walked the pathways golden,
  Where the faithful walk in white,
With undazzled eyes beholding
  The fair city's jasper light:
Thou art safe there from all evil,
  Where no hurtful thing may be;
O'er the world, the flesh, the devil,
  Thou hast gained the victory.

Wherefore we do not now bewail thee,
  But will press the faster on,
Till we meet thee, till we hail thee,
  In the land where thou art gone:
Where the crystal river floweth,
  For the comfort of the blest,
And the tree of healing throweth
  Its broad shadow o'er their rest.

J. D. Burns.

Dies iræ, dies illa.

DAY of anger, that dread day,
Shall the sign in Heaven display,
And the Earth in ashes lay.

O what trembling shall appear,
When His coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear!

When the trumpet shall command,
Through the tombs of every land,
All before the Throne to stand!

Death shall shrink and Nature quake,
When all creatures shall awake,
Answer to their Judge to make.

See the Book divinely penned,
In which all is found contained,
Whence the world shall be arraigned.

When the Judge is on His throne,
All that's hidden shall be shown,
Nought unpublished or unknown.

What shall I before Him say?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous scarcely may?

King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save Thou me!

Leave me not, my Saviour, one
For whose soul Thy course was run,
Lest I be that day undone.

Thou didst toil my soul to gain;
Didst redeem me with Thy pain;
Be such labour not in vain.

Thou just Judge of wrath severe,
Grant my sins remission here,
'Ere Thy reckoning-day appear.

My transgressions grievous are;
Scarce look up for shame I dare;
Lord, Thy guilty suppliant spare!

Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,
And didst hear the dying thief;
Even I may hope relief.

All unworthy is my prayer;
Make my soul Thy mercy's care,
And from fire eternal spare!

Place me with Thy sheep, that band
Who shall separated stand
From the goats, at Thy right hand!

When Thy voice in wrath shall say,
Cursed ones, depart away!
Call me with the blest, I pray!

Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow!
Broken is my heart, and low:
Guard of my last end be Thou!

In that day, that mournful day,
When to judgment wakes our clay,
Show me mercy, Lord, I pray!

Alford.

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